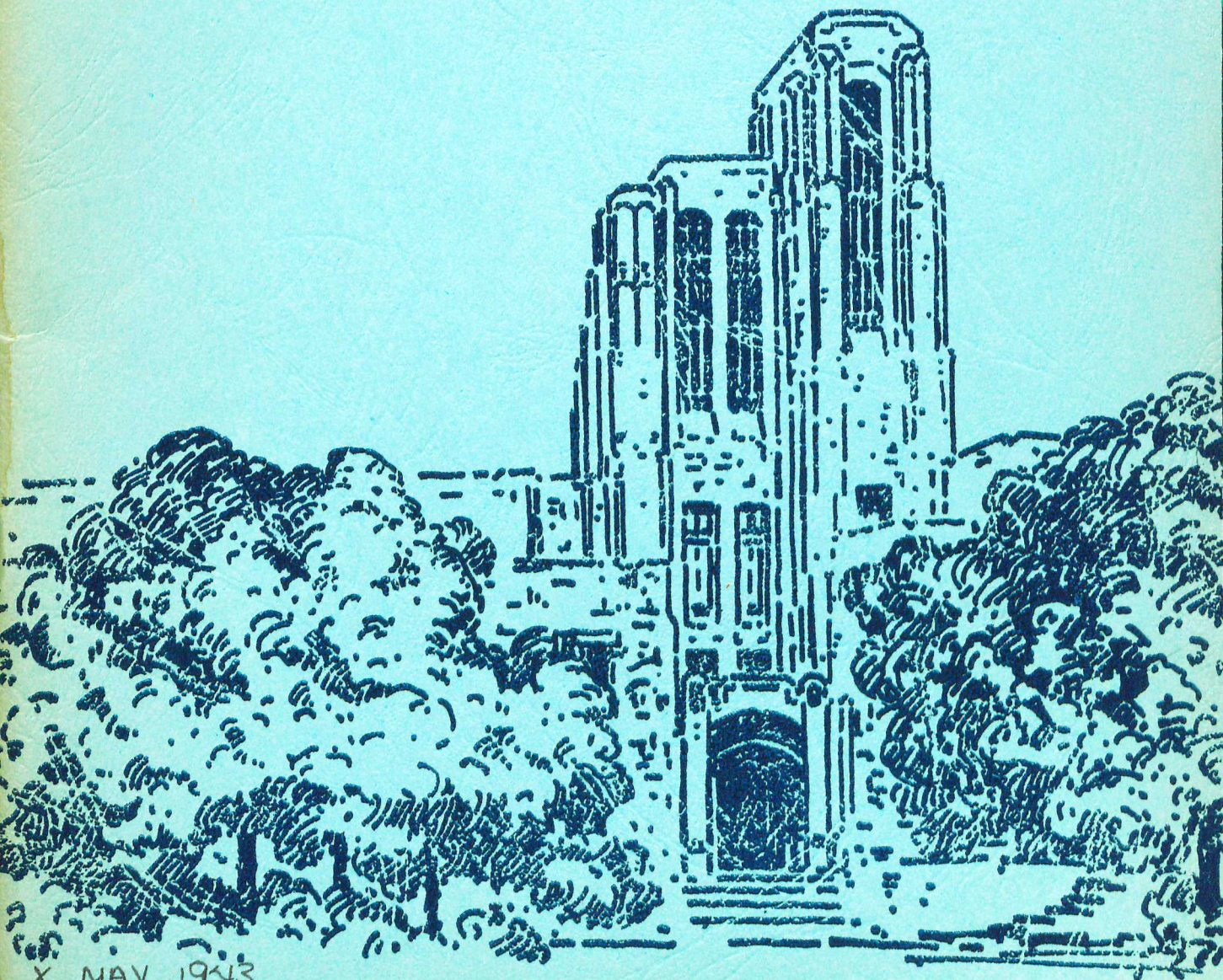


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CONTENTS

Cover by Constance Forsyth

Editorial	3
The Will Of Villon	Joan Fuller 4
Lynch	Gwen Hayes 18
Non-Conformist	Jeanne Gass 26
Grandpa's Story	Mary Margrette Schortemeier 28

FRESHMAN SECTION

The Case Of The Pearl Necklace	William S. McLean 31
Three Stages In My Mother's Life	John Whitaker 32
They Flash Upon That Inward Eye	Helen Fleischer 33
A New Formal	Margaret Brayton 35
Album Pieces	Elizabeth Calkins 36
Americana	Doris Daley 38
The Student's Preparation For Peace	Jack Walker 39
The College Girl's War Effort	Mildred Evans 39
A River And An Island	John Stuart 40
My Favorite Spot	Sam Stark 41
They Go To Your Head	Mary Johnson 42
Kaleidoscope	Shirley Loy 43
How To Become A Maestro	Elmer Eisenbarth 44
At The Concert	Robert Breedlove 45
The Ohio	Joan Hayden 45
Just For Fun	Tom Stump 46
Things I Am Curious To Learn	Marylouise Miles 47
Excerpts	48

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With the final issue of MSS for this school year, I express sincere appreciation to the staffs, the printer, the contributors and the faculty sponsors who have aided in its publication throughout the year, and to the John Herron Art Institute for its courtesy in allowing the use of plates for the pictures which have appeared in each issue.

The Editor.

THE WILL OF VILLON

JOAN FULLER

Winner of 1943 League of American Pen Women Prize

On a fall evening in 1462 the grey began to creep up the narrow twisting streets of Paris and filled with blackness the carved mouths of the leering gargoyles which danced on the lower wooden stories of the houses. As the boy Jean called "*Bon soir*," to his master, the keeper of the hot baths, he could see over the roofs the pointed towers of Notre Dame, tinted scarlet by the setting sun. Paris was settling for the evening, the criers, like himself, were folding their wares and setting off for home. The streets were filled with *bourgeois* in cloth and furred velvet, with ladies in their high coifs, with men-at-arms, ragged and bearded, a juggler leading an ass with cymbals, with monks and harlots and beggars, all going off for the evening. Jean was new in Paris and the noisy crowd excited him, but it also slowed him and he chose a back street which the master said led to the *Pomme de Pin*.

But he frowned as he hurried up the narrow street past a pair of *bourgeois* ladies in tight-waisted bodices and heart-shaped headdress. He was late for his appointment with Pierre Metal at the tavern because he had stopped after work to take one of the hot baths he spent his day crying. But he wasn't thinking of Pierre, though the prospect of wine in a famous tavern like the *Pomme de Pin* was exiting and he had never been to any tavern. He was thinking it would be wise for him to go straight home and his steps slowed as he considered. If he were late his father would beat him, and besides it wasn't safe for a fellow to go about alone at night if he didn't know which street to take. He stopped and looked around. He wasn't even sure which

street he was on now. Slowly he lifted one foot to scratch the calf of his other leg, thinking. Then suddenly, he felt a push on the shoulder and lost his balance to sit sprawling in the mud of the gutter. "*Mon dieu*," he gasped, picking himself up quickly.

As he stood up he saw that one of three students in long black robes had pushed him. The man had a thin dark face and a long nose which creased as he laughed down at the boy. "I didn't know cranes had such bad balance," he cried to his friends.

"Brat. Watch out for your betters," growled one of them.

"Poor child. Has fleas no doubt," said the other, and he linked his arms through his friends' and they went on laughing, their thumbs thrust in their belts, their hoods pulled low.

Jean, his face hot, quivered inside with fury and looked after them. How could they be so smug and cruel in their black gowns. He would be in the University in October but never, never would he behave like that. The new breeches his mother had made him were ruined and his father would certainly beat him. His throat tightened as he looked down and saw the damage he had suffered. All of one leg, the inside of the other and the seat of his breeches were coated with the evil-smelling blackness of the slime and his hands were stiffening with it. Desperately he looked up and down the darkening street but there was no one in sight now save a beggar dragging himself back to his hole and, in the next block, a squad of the *Guet Bourgeois* going on night duty. The thud of their

feet tramping on the stones had a hollow sound in the settling quiet of the evening. "Mary help me," he thought miserably.

For a few minutes he stood there thinking. For fear of his father he couldn't go home now, but he would have to find some place to stay. Idly he watched some men light a smoky cresset at the corner.

"Fine night tonight, Jules," said one of them, looking up at the sky.

"Aye. Fine for a job like ours. But with the moon they won't need the light."

"Maybe we could let it go and take a stroll in the *Charnal des Innocents*," said the other laughing as they moved off. "Mopsies out by the score tonight."

Jean stuck his thumbs into his belt the way the students did and swaggered on down the street. The only way to go around covered with mud was to pretend you didn't care. Perhaps they'd think he was from the *Quartier*.

For about a block he succeeded in making himself feel nonchalant and walk as though mud were a part of his regular costume. But then he began to be afraid again. The spectre of his long-chinned father sitting inside the door with a stick plagued him. And it seemed stupid that since he was out he couldn't be having a fine time at the *Pomme de Pin* with Pierre. His legs began to be stiff and uncomfortable and he didn't know where he was. Oh, why had they ever come to this disease of a Paris.

Then he came out at an intersection in front of a walled enclosure with a gate. Over it were letters; *St. Benoit de Bien-tourne*, it said. Jean sighed. This must be a cloister of some sort, he thought. At least it was a definite place. He could stay here and in the morning ask someone how to get back to the baths.

In the square in front of the gate there was a canopied stone fountain, and he stopped to wash his hands. Then a young

priest and a gallant in soft fawn Cordova-leather boots came out of the gate and looked him over curiously and he felt his whole body grow hot with the shame of his filth. But they had left the gate a little open and Jean decided to go in. Pushing the gate cautiously he went in and up the paved road. Then he saw a stone seat with a carved head-piece under the lighted clock of the chapel of St. Benoit. He could spend the night here, he thought with a smile. It was exactly ten minutes less than nine o'clock, and the moon had risen.

For a long time he sat there, thinking. When he told his father he had been lost, perhaps he wouldn't beat him. It was a pleasant evening. It would be wonderful to go into the University in October. For five years he had been clerk to Father Mourne in the little village of Corbeil near Paris and the priest had arranged for his entrance. But in the meantime his father said that if thirteen were old enough for the University it was too old to be idle and until he started to school he must earn his living. So he had gotten him the job at the baths. Father Mourne had protested, but he had said it wouldn't be bad for the boy to get some taste of life.

It wasn't a bad job, crier of the baths. He was learning about life with an almost dizzying rapidity, and even though his throat grew dry from chanting

Seignor, qu'or vous alez baignier
Et estuver sans delaier:
Li bain sont chaud; c'est sans mentir,

there was no monotony to the work yet. And it wouldn't last long. In little more than a month he would be wearing a black robe and taking his minor orders in the church. That was the necessary prerequisite for enrollment. He picked up a stick and in the light of the flambeau under the clock began to write in the dirt. Jean

Poulet, he wrote, *Student of the University*. It would look well. *Father Jean Poulet*. . . *Bishop of Paris, Jean de Poulet*, he wrote. It would not be impossible. He would ride on a milk-white mule, purple-gloved and amethyst-ringed, blessing the people, with organs thundering and bells clashing and singing, and men chanting *Tu es sacerdos*. Then he laughed aloud. *Jean Poulet*, he wrote, *Estuver*, caller of the hot baths.

The sound of dry, racked coughing disturbed him and he looked up. A man had come in through the gate to the cloister and was leaning, bent against the wall, his whole body shaking with the cough, and Jean's muscles tightened hearing the pain of it. Then the man spat and gave his head a little shake. He began to pace up and down by the gate and Jean squirmed a little. He was a devilish-looking fellow in rusty black and he seemed to be muttering something. He walked disjointedly with a limp. Maybe he was mad. Then he gave a sort of shrug and came over to sit down by Jean. The boy wanted to go, but he was afraid that would be impolite, so he sat there and picked at the mud on his leg, studying the man out of the corners of his eyes.

He was a long man, and very thin, so thin and so limp on the bench, he looked like a skeleton. The skin was stretched tautly over the cheek-bones and hung around his jaw in folds, and there was absolutely no hair on his face. His eyes looked dreadfully sunken and bitter beneath his hairless brows. Jean stared at the man and was vaguely disgusted, but a little fascinated. He was whispering something in a language which sounded like French but which had almost no comprehensible words. Every once in a while his mouth twisted up in a smile. He had a scar on his upper lip.

"Levez au bec, que ne soiez greffiz,

et que vos empz n'en ayent du pis,"

he was muttering. "*Eschec, esch—*" suddenly he stopped and looked at Jean. "Well?" he demanded.

"W--well, Monsieur?" stammered Jean.

"I'm interesting, I hope," the man said. His voice was very deep and satiric.

"I - I'm sorry, Monsieur," said Jean and swallowed stiffly.

"It's poetry," said the man bitterly. "It boils in me, and when I can't write it down I grow mad."

"That's dreadful," said Jean, feeling something was expected of him.

"*Eschec, eschec, pour le fardis!*" he said, and then ran his hand over his bald head. "Do you have any wine?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur," said Jean.

The man shook his head impatiently. "No. No, of course you don't," he said. Then he put his elbows on his knees and leaned his chin in his palms, looking down at the ground. "*Eschec, eschec, pour le far—* Did you write that?" he demanded excitedly, pointing to the letters in the dirt. Jean flushed, thinking of the conceit of the words.

"You can write?" he demanded.

Jean thrust out his foot and quickly erased the lines. "No, Monsieur," he said and rose.

"I will pay you to write something for me," the man said.

"I'm sorry, Monsieur," said Jean.

But the man grabbed his arm with one hand and held out the other. "See," he said. Jean looked at it and his throat closed with horror. It was bent and stiff, the joints so enlarged they looked as if the bones were twisted into knots under stretched yellow skin. "I burn with words and I cannot write for long," the man said feverishly.

"I -- I can't," said Jean miserably. He wasn't afraid of the man any more, but he

wanted to get away from him.

"Please," cried the man. "I'll pay you. It won't be much, but I'll pay you!"

Jean hesitated. It was foolish to trust strangers in Paris, his father said, but this man wanted only a small thing, and perhaps it might lessen his father's anger if he came home with extra sous.

"You -- you want me to write for you?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man eagerly. "My -- testament." He smiled a bit like a boy thinking of a hidden treasure.

"Will it take long?" asked Jean, frowning.

The man shrugged. "A month, perhaps --" he said.

Jean's eyes bulged. "A month?" he gasped.

"Possibly longer. Possibly not so long. Some I can do myself."

"Monsieur, I can't stay away from home a month." His mother might be softened into agreement but his father would lock him in a monastery first.

"Come during the day," he said impatiently.

"Monsieur, I have a job and I go into the University next month."

"*Vierge cochon!*" he swore. "Come in the evening then. Or not if you wish. *Diable*, I don't care," he said with a fierce weariness, and he hid his face in those terrible broken hands. Then he began to cough again and spat a great mouthful of phlegm between his legs. His knees, too, were enlarged, Jean saw. His eyes widened. This man must have been stretched on the rack, he thought coldly.

The man looked up then. "Well, go on. Waddle!" he said. "Go on!"

Jean still hesitated. "I -- I can't," he said reluctantly.

"Why not?" sneered the man. "Afraid?"

"I'm lost," admitted Jean.

He made a pushing motion with his

hand. "Aach," he snorted, "ask someone."

"I -- I've ruined my breeches with mud and I can't go home." Jean felt himself grow hot again and wondered why he'd said that. He scrubbed his toe in the dirt.

The man looked at him a second and then began to laugh, and Jean shriveled inside. When he threw his head back, the boy saw he had very fine white teeth; but he hated him for his mockery. The croak of laughter ended in another coughing spell which left the man weak and panting. But his eyes still danced as he looked up at Jean. "You make me young again," he said weakly. "I spilled my first wine on my front and was afraid to go home."

It suddenly occurred to the boy that the man wasn't mocking him any longer. There was sympathy in his face. In spite of its decadence you could see it had been handsome in a lean way once. Jean was abruptly very sorry for him and the pity stuck in his throat like a lump.

The man pushed himself up with his palms. "Come with me," he said.

"Why?" asked Jean blankly.

"We'll get you dry and you can go along. It's too late for a child like you."

Jean raised his chin. "I'm not a child," he said.

The man smiled. "Come on," he said.

Jean didn't know why he followed this stranger. He started without thought as if the man were his destiny, as though he'd followed him always. Then it did occur to him as strange but after all he had nothing a thief would want, and this offered a chance to clean his breeches. And maybe the man would show him which way to go home. He had to do something about it.

They went through the Cloister of St. Benoit, the main building a dark bulk against the sky, and crossed the grass under the trees to a little lane between houses. The air, in spite of the stench of Paris, had a spicy autumn smell and a leaf floated

down to brush Jean's face as it fell. Then they came out of the cloister onto a street of larger houses, their windows gay orange squares, and across the street Jean saw the wide lighted door of a tavern, and dimly he could hear voices and singing. "The *Mule*," said the man with a sweeping gesture.

As they crossed the street a great man came to stand in the door. When he saw them he gave a loud whoop. "Villon!" he cried. Then to the people in the room behind him, "It's Francois Villon!"

"Hello Denis, you long-tailed frog," said the poet as they reached the door. Villon pushed Jean inside and followed to throw his arm about the boy's shoulder. Standing in the door he bellowed above the noise of the crowd, "Friends, this is my new clerk —" he looked at Jean and frowned. "My clerk, Fremin," he cried.

Jean blinked. He hadn't agreed to anything. "My name's Jean," he said mildly.

"Fremin," said Francois Villon.

Jean pushed back the hood of his black robe and loosed the cloth at his neck. It was so hot inside the *Mule* you'd never know it was snowing outside. He tipped the tankard of mulled wine to his lips and looked around at the noisy, roaring crowd. It was early and no one was very drunk as yet, but they were noisy. There were other University students there, one of whom he knew, shouting lines from the *Metamorphoses*. One of them choked and had to be pounded loudly on the back, as Jean watched them. There were many of the evil-faced friends of Villon's thieving days, and looking at them Jean felt his throat tickle with laughter. Since he had been transcribing the *Grand Testament* for Villon, he couldn't look at these men without thinking of them in terms of the poet's mock will. Worn-out seat mats for funny little Pernet, the Bastard de la Barre; the

fourteen casks of wine they'd stolen together for fat Denis Hesselin, cheating cards for the lean fingers of Chollet. And somewhere else he had left Chollet "my boots with uppers worn away." Captain Riou of the Archers was sitting with a frousy girl at a corner chair. Jean smiled. Six wolves-head stewed in slop had been bequeathed to him.

Someone began to bellow a song in a thick voice and everyone took up the refrain. Jean looked at Villon, folded in the corner of the bench, his deep eyes moody and sullen as he peered out over the room. Now and then he shook violently with that ague which gripped him at intervals. What a strange man this Villon was, thought Jean. He was lewd, a drinker, a thief, afraid of God and of death, and by turns cruel and gay and melancholy. He had beaten Jean and laughed at him and wept on his shoulder these two months Jean had worked for him. And he'd spent the first week of November in the Chatelet being prosecuted for a small theft and another crime he'd committed years before. The old priest his foster-father had got him out of it and he'd come home, crawling with self-reproach, to write a bitter ballad which ended "Ill-gotten good is nobody's gain," and another with a verse that went something like:

Turn from your evil course I pray
That smell so foul in a decent nose.
Rhyme, rail, wrestle and cymbals play,
Flute and fool it in mummer's shows:
Along with the strolling players stray
From town to city without repose;
Act mysteries, farces, imbroglios:
Rob and ravish: what profit it?
Who gets the purchase, do you suppose?
Taverns and wenches, every whit!

Jean wasn't quite sure why he had left his home and his work to write for

Francois Villon, but the poet's wit was so brilliant, his need of a clerk so great that Jean felt he couldn't leave him. Besides there was a fascination to working for this great unpredictable man. However, the boy knew deep inside himself that when Villon was in prison he would have left him in spite of everything if it hadn't been for the fact that his working for the notorious Villon gave him an aura of greatness at the University and even the older students cultivated him. It was rather fun to brag about the nights spent at all the famousaverns, even though really no one paid any attention to him at the taverns and Villon let him have very little wine. He smiled. If his mother had known where he would spend much of his time and with what kind of people, she wouldn't have been so willing to help him run away. She'd only thought of the degradation of having her son stand in the streets crying the virtue of hot baths.

Jean looked out over the room again. The rush-lights were guttering and the place already reeked with the odour of unwashed bodies and wine and greasy meat. Over-turned cups littered the tables and near him a young student had slipped to the floor and was snoring rhythmically, his head in a pool of wine. It was rather disgusting, decided Jean, but exiting. He smiled to see the expression of stoic endurance on the faces of two burgesses in a front corner.

Suddenly Villon sat up and pounded on the table with his fist. "I have a new *Ballade du Jargon*," he bellowed over the noise of the room, and the shout doubled him up with the cough.

"Wine! Wine for Villon!" shouted the Bastard de la Barre.

"Wine and he'll sing!" cried someone else and in a moment the whole room was roaring, "Wine for Villon!"

Jean smiled and held out his tankard

but a rouged young woman with lines in her forehead snatched the mug from him. With a seductive swing of the hips she slid to Villon and, with one hand behind his head, held the tankard to his lips. "Wine for Villon — " Jean heard her murmur as she pressed herself against him. He felt his neck grow hot.

The poet took a great gulp of the liquor, looking up sardonically at the woman, and then fiercely seized her around the waist and bent her back over his knee. As he kissed her violently, someone shouted "*Vive Perette!*" and Jean laughed with the rest. But his insides crawled. This was one thing he hadn't got used to.

Then Villon lifted the girl onto the table and climbing on a stool, his right foot up beside her, began to sing, and the woman waved her tankard wildly to the rhythm.

The poet had taught Jean a little of the jargon of the streets since they had worked together and it was somewhat comprehensible to him, but he still couldn't write it. Villon sat by the fire and painfully with his stiff hands scribbled some of his poems out himself. This one Villon had translated to him. Jean remembered the strange lines he'd hear him whisper that day on the bench. *Eschec, eschec pour le fardis*, he'd said. That meant *Watch out, watch out for the hangman's rope*.

Wise in crimes
Who at all time
Have your hands in pockets deep,
(Alawys tight)
And in the night
Shear the wool from the poor sheep,
Only to live and care to keep:
Your comrades are deprived of care.
For all our prayer
None hears us where
We're left in dungeons night and day
By friends who are so far away.

Envoi

But fear of the boots
And scolding coots
Forbid this toil and drudgery
So, happily,
You'll risk no more the dungeons grey
For friends who are so far away.

After the first verse the whole room was rocking back and forth to the swing of the words and on the second *envoi* everyone bellowed the lines. Jean laughed as he sang and the faces in the room began to slip a little. He was rather glad he had given up his wine. Villon's face seemed very large and distorted like a devil's as he looked at him. And the man who could write such jargon could also turn out a poem of pious prayer for his old mother which had the carved beauty of a rosary. He was unbelievable. It suddenly occurred to Jean that it was wicked for one sworn to the minor orders of the Church to sit in this brawling room with such a man. *Eschec, eschec pour le fardis*. Villon was the occasion of sin. Villon was the devil. He felt a little ill and shut his eyes.

After a while he felt better and looked up again. Villon was folded into his corner of the bench staring at the fire and absently rubbing the back of Perette's neck as she sat on the floor beside him. Why on earth he ever bothered with women Jean couldn't understand. He looked away delicately and began to cut pictures in the table with his thumb nail. Villon must have had a great many women, he thought. But just yesterday he'd written, "no more desire in me is hot. I've put my lute beneath the seat." Jean look back at his master and bit his lip. Why did Villon have to be such a fool.

But the poet suddenly thrust his foot into Perette's back and pushed her over. "Come on, Fremin," he snarled and started for the door. Jean was startled but he jumped up to follow him. The girl sat up

on the floor and cried "Francios!" but Villon had already disappeared. Philosophically she shrugged and went to perch on Denis Hesselin's knee.

The poet was all the way across the street and Jean picked up the skirt of his robe and ran through the snow after him. "Wait, Villon," he called. Francois slowed to wait for him.

"Where are we going?" asked Jean.

"I'm hungry," said Villon.

"So am I," said Jean.

Francois fingered his chin thoughtfully. "Robin Dogis said he was giving supper to a couple of fellows tonight, didn't he? Let's go there," Dogis was fat and jolly and Jean rather liked him. But the other two, Hutin du Moustier and Roger Pichart, were rat-faced little men, and the boy knew they suffered the reputation of being rank bad hats. He wished Villon would keep away from people like those. His past had brought enough trouble and he was weak.

They were quiet as they made their way through the silent streets. Once Villon said, "Fremin, I'm sad tonight."

"Are you Monsieur?" asked Jean. The poet's face looked drawn and ill in the light of the windows they passed.

"What am I going to do, Fremin?" he asked then, desperately. "I never get out of one scrape but I'm in another."

"*Eschec, eschec pour le fardis*," murmured Jean suddenly. Then he cried, "Let's go home, Monsieur. It's your friends who get you in trouble."

Villon struck him, a slap that sent the blood stinging to his face and rocked him on his feet. Tears started to his eyes with the pain and he blinked. "I'm sorry Monsieur," he said.

Villon looked like a man who has kicked a dog in the dark. "Oh, Fremin," he cried, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I'm sorry," he ran his hand over the top of his head in a futile gesture. "I -- I

don't know what I'm doing. I'm no good. Oh, *Dieu*, what will become of me?" The poet was almost weeping and Jean swallowed stiffly.

"It's all right, Monsieur. I forgive you. I spoke out of turn."

Villon sighed. "Sometimes I don't see how I can be such a wretch . . . 'Fools that fat on cates have grown: Wine by the cask I can compare: I know all save myself alone'," he murmured. Then he straightened his shoulders. "I'm hungry. Let's hurry."

Jean sighed and quickened his step and the falling snow felt cool on the hotness of his cheek.

The supper was as bad as Jean had anticipated and he drank more wine and grew sleepy. But Villon had suddenly turned very gay.

"Little Fremin," he cried, "I will now teach you how you can eat though your purse is flat as a sucked egg."

Jean laughed a little fuzzily. "If I had to live on what you pay me, I'd be empty as an egg all the time," he said. There was a strange tight feeling in the back of his neck and he felt as if he were weaving a little in his chair. He nodded and his head felt very heavy.

"Wine's easy," said Villon judicially.

"Many's the time you've fooled old Robin Turgis," laughed Moustier.

"He's a well-filled egg."

Item: "If Robin Turgis come to me I'll pay him fairly for his wine:

But soft; if where I lodge find he,

He'll have more wit than any rine,"

quoted Villon dreamily. All the men laughed loudly and Jean almost fell off his seat. Just as the table was slipping away from him, he grabbed its edge. He looked at the faces of the men around the table and they all had a tendency to slide. All this frightened him a little and he pushed his tankard away. "I don't want to learn how to get any more wine," he said.

Villon laughed. "Well, fish then. You like fish."

Jean considered. His stomach felt queasy but he usually liked fish. "Fish — no thank you," he decided.

"Why not?"

"I'm not hungry."

"You're drunk," said Moustiers, "have some more wine."

"No thank you," said Jean, and Pichart pushed him and he floated down onto the floor and banged his head. But the floor was nice and soft and he was feeling strange turnings in his stomach, so he lay there quietly. Above him he heard the talk going on but it was growing blurred and Jean felt as though his stomach were leaving him, being pulled slowly down and down into blackness, and the rest of him with it.

Some time later Jean was aware that he was being propelled down a street between two men while two more did a staggering sort of dance in front of him. They kicked their legs and reeled from one side of the walk to the other in a way very disturbing to Jean's stomach. "Don't do that," he said crossly after a moment.

"Oh, so you're awake," asked the big man on his right whose voice was vaguely familiar.

"No," said Jean.

The man on the other side of him stopped to cough deeply and jarringly, and Jean knew that was Villon. But the fat one had gone on and by the pull of his walking, jerked the boy's arm from around Villon's neck. He staggered to his knees. "I'm drunk," he said then, "my father wouldn't like that. My father's a pious man."

Villon came up and hoisted his arm back around his neck. "Yes," he said, "and you'll go home after this in the evening. I've no patience with a man who can't hold his liquor. I didn't learn to till too late. But you're me too and you will, my child."

Envoi

But fear of the boots
And scolding coots
Forbid this toil and drudgery
So, happily,
You'll risk no more the dungeons grey
For friends who are so far away.

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After a while he felt better and looked up again. Villon was folded into his corner of the bench staring at the fire and absently rubbing the back of Perette's neck as she sat on the floor beside him. Why on earth he ever bothered with women Jean couldn't understand. He looked away delicately and began to cut pictures in the table with his thumb nail. Villon must have had a great many women, he thought. But just yesterday he'd written, "no more desire in me is hot. I've put my lute beneath the seat." Jean look back at his master and bit his lip. Why did Villon have to be such a fool.

But the poet suddenly thrust his foot into Perette's back and pushed her over. "Come on, Fremin," he snarled and started for the door. Jean was startled but he jumped up to follow him. The girl sat up

on the floor and cried "Francios!" but Villon had already disappeared. Philosophically she shrugged and went to perch on Denis Hesselin's knee.

The poet was all the way across the street and Jean picked up the skirt of his robe and ran through the snow after him. "Wait, Villon," he called. Francois slowed to wait for him.

"Where are we going?" asked Jean.

"I'm hungry," said Villon.

"So am I," said Jean.

Francois fingered his chin thoughtfully. "Robin Dogis said he was giving supper to a couple of fellows tonight, didn't he? Let's go there," Dogis was fat and jolly and Jean rather liked him. But the other two, Hutin du Moustier and Roger Pichart, were rat-faced little men, and the boy knew they suffered the reputation of being rank bad hats. He wished Villon would keep away from people like those. His past had brought enough trouble and he was weak.

They were quiet as they made their way through the silent streets. Once Villon said, "Fremin, I'm sad tonight."

"Are you Monsieur?" asked Jean. The poet's face looked drawn and ill in the light of the windows they passed.

"What am I going to do, Fremin?" he asked then, desperately. "I never get out of one scrape but I'm in another."

"*Eschec, eschec pour le fardis*," murmured Jean suddenly. Then he cried, "Let's go home, Monsieur. It's your friends who get you in trouble."

Villon struck him, a slap that sent the blood stinging to his face and rocked him on his feet. Tears started to his eyes with the pain and he blinked. "I'm sorry Monsieur," he said.

Villon looked like a man who has kicked a dog in the dark. "Oh, Fremin," he cried, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I'm sorry," he ran his hand over the top of his head in a futile gesture. "I -- I

don't know what I'm doing. I'm no good. Oh, *Dieu*, what will become of me?" The poet was almost weeping and Jean swallowed stiffly.

"It's all right, Monsieur. I forgive you. I spoke out of turn."

Villon sighed. "Sometimes I don't see how I can be such a wretch . . . 'Fools that fat on cates have grown: Wine by the cask I can compare: I know all save myself alone'," he murmured. Then he straightened his shoulders. "I'm hungry. Let's hurry."

Jean sighed and quickened his step and the falling snow felt cool on the hotness of his cheek.

The supper was as bad as Jean had anticipated and he drank more wine and grew sleepy. But Villon had suddenly turned very gay.

"Little Fremin," he cried, "I will now teach you how you can eat though your purse is flat as a sucked egg."

Jean laughed a little fuzzily. "If I had to live on what you pay me, I'd be empty as an egg all the time," he said. There was a strange tight feeling in the back of his neck and he felt as if he were weaving a little in his chair. He nodded and his head felt very heavy.

"Wine's easy," said Villon judicially.

"Many's the time you've fooled old Robin Turgis," laughed Moustier.

"He's a well-filled egg."

Item: "If Robin Turgis come to me I'll pay him fairly for his wine:

But soft; if where I lodge find he,

He'll have more wit than any rine,"

quoted Villon dreamily. All the men laughed loudly and Jean almost fell off his seat. Just as the table was slipping away from him, he grabbed its edge. He looked at the faces of the men around the table and they all had a tendency to slide. All this frightened him a little and he pushed his tankard away. "I don't want to learn how to get any more wine," he said.

Villon laughed. "Well, fish then. You like fish."

Jean considered. His stomach felt queasy but he usually liked fish. "Fish — no thank you," he decided.

"Why not?"

"I'm not hungry."

"You're drunk," said Moustiers, "have some more wine."

"No thank you," said Jean, and Pichart pushed him and he floated down onto the floor and banged his head. But the floor was nice and soft and he was feeling strange turnings in his stomach, so he lay there quietly. Above him he heard the talk going on but it was growing blurred and Jean felt as though his stomach were leaving him, being pulled slowly down and down into blackness, and the rest of him with it.

Some time later Jean was aware that he was being propelled down a street between two men while two more did a staggering sort of dance in front of him. They kicked their legs and reeled from one side of the walk to the other in a way very disturbing to Jean's stomach. "Don't do that," he said crossly after a moment.

"Oh, so you're awake," asked the big man on his right whose voice was vaguely familiar.

"No," said Jean.

The man on the other side of him stopped to cough deeply and jarringly, and Jean knew that was Villon. But the fat one had gone on and by the pull of his walking, jerked the boy's arm from around Villon's neck. He staggered to his knees. "I'm drunk," he said then, "my father wouldn't like that. My father's a pious man."

Villon came up and hoisted his arm back around his neck. "Yes," he said, "and you'll go home after this in the evening. I've no patience with a man who can't hold his liquor. I didn't learn to till too late. But you're me too and you will, my child."

"I'm not a child," said Jean.

Villon snorted. Pichart and the other man in the uniform began to sing raucously and dance that disturbing dance again. Jean shut his eyes. The man on his right started to sing with the others and Jean suddenly remembered his name was Dogis. Robin or Robert Dogis. And the second little man was Hutin du Moustier, Sergeant of the Archers. He smiled and opened his eyes again. Then suddenly a window above Pichart opened and a boot came hurtling down. A night-capped head appeared in the casement and a voice bawled, "Be still down there. Let decent Christians sleep."

Pichart laughed shrilly. "Give us the other one, father," he called stooping unsteadily to pick up the boot, "Then we'll have a pair!"

They went on a moment and turned the corner. Jean heard Villon say, "Well, the Rue St. Jacques. It won't be long." The boy wondered why he sounded breathless.

Then suddenly Pichart gave a sort of whoop. "Look," he cried and Jean opened his eyes to see the little man was pointing to a middle-sized house with gargoyles by the doors and a light in the window. It was the house of the distinguished and pompous Master Francois Ferrebourg which stood next to *Mule* tavern.

"What is it," asked Hutin du Moustier thickly.

"Ferrebourg's still up." He ran in staggering little steps to the lighted window and looked in. Jean blinked and wished they'd get on. But they'd all stopped.

"Well," cried Roger Pichart heavily. He hiccupped and went on, "So the slaves of M. Ferrebourg work all night. Pap-fed blue-livers, work all night." Jean shut his eyes again. This was very silly. He'd known Villon shouldn't go to supper with those men. They all smelled dirty too. Even now in the open street Dogis smelled

dirty. "*Seignhor, qu'or vous alez baingnier . .*" he thought, and began to chant it softly.

But a rising uproar from inside the house made him look up again. Pichart was still taunting M. de Ferrebourg's clerks but Jean couldn't hear what he said because the men inside had opened the casement and were shouting too now, and the invective buzzed in his ears. But then Pichart hoisted himself on the window-sill and spat into the room. Jean saw that quite clearly, and he heard the outraged shout of the clerks. Then Villon was bracing him against the wall and running, long-legged, to Pichart. "What are you trying to do, fool?" he cried as he ran. "You know I can't get mixed up in a brawl."

Pichart laughed his shrill laugh and began to dance again. He was like a Satan's imp and Jean wished for a confessor. It seemed to him that he had had a very wicked evening.

Then the door opened and Jean could see some men with a lighted candle. "What do you want, pigs?" demanded the foremost clerk.

Pichart gave a howl of rage. "Pig, you call me?" he screamed. "Do you want to buy any flutes?" And he danced forward jerkily, like a puppet.

"Fight?" sneered the clerk. "You certainly deserve a drubbing."

Apparently Pichart struck him, and then the clerks were tumbling down the steps and the sound of thudding blows and scuffling bodies on the crunching snow dazed Jean's ears. The men were grappling each other and weaving back and forth, cursing and grunting. Jean slipped slowly down with his back to the wall to sit in the snow. There was too much movement. He felt sick. Then someone was knocked down into his lap, a pug-nosed little man with a lace collar and pimples. Because he felt he ought to do something to help

his friends, he doubled up his fist and began to pound the face of that man rhythmically, with his eyes on the fight.

With a shout two of the clerks dragged Hutin du Moustier up the steps of the house. "First blood! First booty!" shouted the clerks joyously.

But Hutin du Moustier struggled drunkenly with them and screamed. They picked him bodily off the ground and carried him by the arm-pits into the house kicking and shrieking, "Murder! They are killing me! I'm dead!"

Dogis bellowed "Hutin!" and dashed up the steps after them, but at that moment *Maitre Francois Ferrebourg* himself appeared in the door. He was a tall, grave man and he had on a long green velvet robe and a nightcap. Calmly he stood on the steps waiting for the man to rush up to him and then thrust out his hand and simply pushed Dogis back down the steps again. The big man sprawled backwards into the gutter and Master Ferrebourg followed him down to the street, very dignified, the light shining emerald on the back of his robe.

Then, like a wounded bear, Dogis had picked himself up and was rushing toward the *Maitre* with a knife in his hand, and the next thing Jean knew Dogis was stumbling past his feet, almost falling on the body of the clerk whose head he held, and Ferrebourg was lying on the ground.

The clerks chased after Dogis and in a moment the street was still again. Jean closed his eyes dizzily for a instant and then looked to where Master Ferrebourg lay in the snow. Carefully as eggs he pushed the man in the lace collar off his legs and pulled himself up.

Very slowly he crept up to the body in the green robe, and his legs had a tendency to want to collapse under him. But he made them take him to the thing and he stood for a while staring down at it. The

green robe was turning brown and there was a sticky crimson pool on the snow. The grave face was twisted a little and the mouth hung open, the jaw loose and crooked.

Then suddenly Jean heard voices in the street behind him and he stepped over the body and began to run, the snow crunching dryly beneath his feet.

Villon lived just across the street and he could have run home, but his horror was a sickness in his throat and he couldn't see the poet again. He'd go home, but he didn't know the way. There was nowhere to go—And as he ran he began to be afraid. That man was dead and men he knew had killed him. He had beaten the face of one of his supporters. Maybe — maybe that man had been dead too. He couldn't tell. *Mon Dieu*, what have I done, he thought desperately as he ran. I've killed a man. I'm a murderer—And sobbing, he stumbled on and on through the dark pursued by a twisted pimpled face with a crooked jaw. And the snow began to fall again and he didn't notice, and he grew sicker and sicker and the tears froze on his cheeks. *Eschec, eschec pour le fardis*, rang a dirge in his ears.

Then he saw he was at the river and the spired bulk of Notre Dame rose in front of him. He staggered on across the Pont Notre-Dame and on up the paved street until the vastness of the cathedral was above him. And he stumbled up the steps and into the nave and fell panting on his face. Never, never would he see that man again. Never!

The January sun was pale yellow over the roofs of Paris and pallid in the streets as Jean went slowly down the street from church, his mother leaning stiffly on his arm. "Father Froguet is a good man," she said.

"Yes," said Jean.

"Some day you'll be like Father Froguet, Jean," she said looking up at him. It was nice to have your mother look up at you. Made you feel like a man, though of course she wasn't very tall herself.

"Someday maybe I'll be Bishop of Paris, mother," he said, and grinned inside remembering *Jean de Poulet, Bishop of Paris* scribbled in the dirt. Well, it still wasn't impossible, though you had to laugh to think it.

The sun on the Pont Notre-Dame was almost warm as they walked along between the high-gabled houses. When he'd first come to Paris they had seemed strange and beautiful with their ornate fronts and carved door-jambs. Now they were commonplace. Pigeons were making soft cooing sounds in the eaves and waddling stiff-necked in the street. Men and women, laughing and loud-voiced, bustled by but the birds unconcernedly avoided them. Between the peaked gables of the houses Jean could see gulls sailing against the white-blue sky. There was a rare spring quality to the sun, but the wind was cold. He pulled his cloak tight about his neck.

As they approached the end of the bridge, a Royal crier stopped in the square and blew a minor note on his curved horn. "Well, I wonder what's happened now," said Jean's mother and they stopped with the rest of the crowd to hear the news. Jean wasn't very interested and he stood watching the pigeons scabble for a piece of bread. They were like the bravos of the *Pomme de Pin*, he thought, grabbing with dirty fingers for the meat in the center bowl.

The crier, after the usual preface, was shouting the usual sort of news. Fish would be taxed a sou on each member. Jean sighed. That meant they wouldn't have fish so often now. He grinned. Of course there was always Villon's way.

"Notice on pain of imprisonment," the

crier was bellowing, "Francois de Montcorbier, *dit Villon* of the city of Paris is hereby banished by order of his Most Gracious Majesty Louis XI, from the said city of Paris for a period of ten years. Any one after five o'clock of the third day hence, Wednesday—"

But Jean lost the rest of it in a wave of blankness. He hadn't heard anything definite of Villon for almost two months and to hear his name like that, out of the blueness of the winter sky, so to speak, took him by surprise. He shut his eyes trying to think. The last he'd seen of Villon was the sight of him wrestling like a bear with one of the clerks, the bodies rocking back and forth as they staggered in the snow. And that was before Hutin du Moustier had been captured. But Villon certainly hadn't been there at the end of the fight so he must have ducked out sometime previously. Of course Jean had reasoned all this out before, and even if he hadn't been unable to keep from asking questions, his friends at the University would have told him Villon was in prison again. But because the trials hadn't been public he hadn't been able to find out what had happened. Some said he was to be hanged, others that he had been released and had gone to the country. In spite of the fact that he had determined not to see the poet again, the thought of his going away had left a strange empty feeling in the boy. But perhaps he had been in prison these months. Jean shuddered, and his mother said. "Cold, son?"

He shook his head. At the trial they must have thought him so unimportant a witness that it wasn't even necessary to call him. Perhaps the men thought he had been unconscious, or had even forgotten about him. But how horrible if Villon had been in a cell all this time. He had lain in a dungeon at Meun for five years and things he had told the boy of the tortures

they had put him through and the horror of the dark and crawling hell of the place had given Jean more than one nightmare. And it must have been worse this time because it was unjustified. He had run away. Jean's mind was suddenly filled with chasing impressions of the poet coughing and bent with despair in a damp and airless cage, undergoing the water-torture and writhing with fear. And how would he live without Paris. It was his soul, his entire existence, the city with its life, the flux and mystery of it, wine and laughter and song. Jean was dimly aware of all those things as he stood on the bridge and watched the crier come to the end of his scroll and move on to another corner.

"Villon's that poet isn't he?" Jean's mother asked as they began to move off the bridge again.

"Yes," said Jean absently.

"He seemed pleasant enough when I spoke to him, but there was something—"

"I know."

"And he was such an ugly young man. He looked dissipated."

"Yes."

"He probably deserves it though he did have nice manners. I'm glad you left him Jean."

"Yes," said Jean.

"Too bad they're raising the tax on fish. You like fish so well. So do the rest of us for that matter."

Jean stopped. "Mother," he said, "would you mind going on home alone. I'll like to — to say goodbye to M. Villon."

His mother looked up at him. "But — to the prison?"

"He'll be home by now. I must see him."

"Well — I don't think you should — You're sure you can find your way?"

"I've done it often enough."

"Of course. Well — If you must, go

on then," she said, but she frowned in a troubled way.

He bent to kiss her on the cheek gently.

"Goodbye mother," he said.

"Don't be late," she called after him.

The old priest was with Francois when Jean went in to the familiar room in the house with the *Porte Rouge*, but he left them together and went down stairs to read his breviary. Villon looked rather dreadful. He was more ragged and thin than he had been before, but his eyes were dancing with life.

"Jean!" he cried, "*Petit Fremin!*" and much to Jean's embarrassment threw his arms around the boy.

"I'm sorry you were put in prison, Monsieur," said Jean formally, disengaging himself.

"But you didn't come to see me," reproached the poet.

"I'm — I'm sorry. I didn't even know where you were."

"Well, that's all past. I'm free, Fremin. And the sun is green-gold on the roofs." He laughed. "A pretty bit of sentiment. You should write it down."

"But don't you mind leaving?" asked Jean curiously.

Villon shrugged. "One stays, one goes. And there's a little girl named Chouquette in Lyons—"

"Oh," said Jean. Somehow he was disappointed. He had come to make a great gesture and the man only prattled of girls.

Villon went to the carved-faced cabinet and pulled out the pile of parchment that was the *Testament*. "I've got new verses to add now," he said, and his face darkened as he stared down at them a moment. All the life had left his voice as he added, "I wrote them in prison."

"May I read them?" Jean asked more from politeness than curiosity. He wished he hadn't come.

Villon gave him a rather strange look,

satiric and bitter, and began to read abruptly in the middle of a verse, taking lines here and there, his scarred lip twisting up a little,

"You see us five or six hung up to
cure,
With all this flesh that once we fed
too well

* * * *

Sun dried, black to caricature;
Magpies and crows have had our eyes
to rive
And made of brows and beards their
nouriture.

* * * *

Always we swing like clapper of a bell
Pitted as thimble is our bird-pecked
skin . . ."

He looked up. "Do you like it?" he demanded harshly.

"I -- I don't know," said Jean weakly.

"Well, here's another. Maybe you'll like it better.

I am Francois that's here shown,
Born of Paris, near Pontoise town.
Now in a six-foot noose of brown,
My neck will know what my nates
weigh down.'"

Jean flushed hotly. He had wronged the man. Villon had suffered and was suffering now. "Let me see," he begged. Villon shrugged and tossed the poems into the boy's lap. They were horrible things, tortured and despairing, and they made his skin crawl. But there was a weird beauty too, and sincere faith in them that even Father Froguet would have approved. Jean could see the horror of the imagery in the death poem; the withered corpses against the moon, the writhing of the tortured souls, but the rest of the verse left him bewildered and awed, moved almost without comprehension of the cause.

He looked up at the poet, to meet his thoughtful gaze. "What shall I do without you, Fremin. Those few lines took me two months. And my hands are more painful now because of the dampness of the cell."

"There are other boys," said Jean.

"But I'm used to you."

"It won't be hard to find someone else," he said uncomfortably.

Villon examined his hands and chewed his lip a moment. "I depend on you, Fremin." Then he looked up. "Why don't you come with me?" he asked.

Jean had almost known he was going to ask that from the first, but still it took him by surprise. "Leave Paris?" he asked blankly.

"I'll take to the lute and pay you a good wage," said the poet eagerly.

"You -- you can't play the lute with those hands."

"I'll teach you."

"I -- I couldn't leave home and my mother. I won't go, so let's stop arguing."

Villon sat down and looked into the fire, and his face was lighted with it and with a sort of flame from within him. "Think of it, Fremin," he said softly, his voice deep and beautiful. "Think of it, a wood in the spring, the trees green and scented, birds singing above you, the grass soft and fragrant beneath your back. And there's a good cold lunch of venison and wine and white bread . . . Then there're the cities. You know you have a better time with me. The lights dim in the room, the moon pale through the window, good talk and warm smells and laughter and wine warm as spice on your throat. Taverns in Lyons and Marseilles. Why, there's all France, boy, and you've not been fifty rods from Paris."

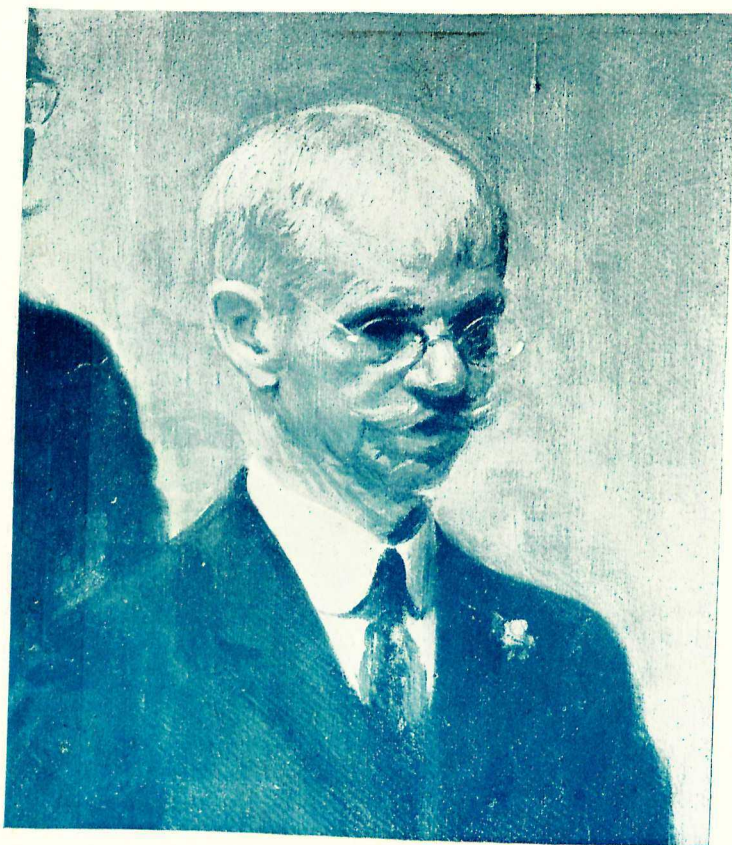
His voice wove a sort of spell for Jean. He'd lived most of his life in a suburban village and he really loved the country.



PORTRAIT OF BILL

BY EDMUND BRUCKER

John Herron Art Museum



WM. FORSYTH FROM "THE JURY"

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

John Herron Art Museum

And life with Villon had an excitement and glamour such as he'd never known before. The University was as dead and dusty as the Latin in which the texts were given, and Villon was life. Besides, the poet really needed him. They understood each other.

"Monsieur, I really can't," he said with difficulty.

"I'll be lonely, Fremin," said Villon softly, looking at him.

"I -- I'm sorry."

"Very well then," he said coldly and stood up. "Now get out. I've made my last appeal to you."

Jean stood up very slowly. "You're sure there's nothing I can do for you," he asked wistfully.

"No!"

"Well -- goodbye, Monsieur Villon. Good luck." he held out his hand but the poet ignored it and stared into the fire with a set mouth.

Jean went very slowly out of the room

and down the narrow boxed stairs. His throat ached with tears as he thought of Villon's thin slouched figure going lonely off into the night. But he couldn't leave. Why, it would blast all his mother's poor hopes for him and destroy forever the vision of the purple robe and the amethyst ring. "I'll be lonely, Fremin," he had said softly, he who never let people see the softness of the heart of him.

Swiftly he turned and ran back into the house and up the steps. When he burst into the room, Villon was coughing dismally, his thin body bent painfully over the fire. The boy waited a moment. Then he said. "If you will talk to my mother, perhaps I can go with you Monsieur."

Villon turned, his eyes wet from the pain of his cough. For just a second he stared at Jean, almost as if he were sorry. Then he came over and clapped the boy on the shoulder. "You can make her a copy of that ballad I made for my mother," he cried gayly. "I'll give her that."

LYNCH

GWEN HAYES

First Prize, Short Story Division, Butler Literary Contest, 1943

"That's Lynch up there," volunteered Duke. Tom peered through the darkness up the tracks towards a jeweled spot at the end of the long narrow valley. The lights looked like children being dismissed from school, marching up the sides of the two mountains at first in neat rows outlining the terraces, then the few ahead, forgetting discipline in the sheer joy of freedom, scattering over the mountains in disarray. That one highest up is like I am, Tim thought, gladdest to get away from school.

Duke groaned. "I couldn't have gone much farther with these dam feet of mine!"

"What's the matter? Mine don't hurt."

"Froze 'em last winter in Wisconsin."

The two boys had met in a way car in Louisville and had ridden a freight to Corbin. Duke looked about sixteen — a knight of the rods and jungles. The other, younger by two years but as large, was a novice escaping from a too strict father and too much chalk dust during the day. Duke had agreed to take Tim to Lynch — to show him the ropes. The U. S. Steel Company was building a mining town there in the valley north and east of bloody Harlan. They could find work there, make a stake, and blow south for the rest of the winter. Tim felt his empty pocket. He had had ten dollars at Louisville but when Duke woke him at Corbin it was gone. When he mentioned it Duke snapped his fingers and said, "I'll bet that dirty bum that got off at Crab Orchard took it. Say kid, if you got any more dough you better let me take care of it for you." Tim hadn't seen anyone get on or off but he had slept most of the way. He looked at Duke and wondered.

They came to the end of the spur track and sank ankle deep in wet, slippery clay. Plodding on, they heard someone coming toward them, and a voice unmistakably Kentuckian called, "Howdy," then a miner's light flashed in their faces.

"Howdy, sir," Tim took the lead, "We're looking for work; can you tell us where to apply?"

Duke nudged him and said, "We sure are hungry, mister; can you tell us where we can get somethin' to eat?"

"The boarding house is closed now and I'm due at the mine in five minutes, but if you'll go up to the third cabin on your right and tell my wife that I sent you, she'll fix you something to eat and show you where to go."

The third cabin was like all the other two room houses perched on their clay shelves. They went up the open wooden steps onto the long but narrow porch; they scuffed their shoes over the gunny sack before the door. A tall, dark woman answered their knock.

"Sure, come in; I'll fix you somethin'." She motioned them to the wooden benches pulled up to the plank table in the kitchen-living room. Everything had a scrubbed look; the newness of the wide floor boards had been bleached by lye. A clean newspaper was folded under the coal bucket that stood by the company-furnished stove, the white over-starched curtains shone in the light of the single, unshaded bulb that was suspended by a cord in the middle of the room. As she peeled potatoes Tim noticed that her hands though rough and red were beautifully shaped; they were a little like his mother's — long and slender. He swallowed painfully at the thought of his

mother. She looked kind of pretty, too, with her hair knotted low on her neck like a Madonna — and then she spit — an incredible distance to the coal bucket. Duke kicked his foot under the table and whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "Shut your trap, you dope; most mountain women chew tobacco." As she moved from stove to sink and back again, revulsion and youthful admiration for her proficiency warred in Tim. But before she brought the large bowl of golden potatoes, scalding black coffee, and cold corn bread to the table, the little boy in him had gained the ascendancy. She washed the supper dishes as they ate, and then came over to the table.

"So you're lookin' for work?"

"Yeh."

"Yes, we are."

"The big boss is lookin' for mule skinners but he doesn't hire anyone under sixteen. You both that old?" she asked looking at Tim.

"Yeh, I'm eighteen and he's sixteen," lied Duke.

The woman took a shawl off a peg by the door and threw it around her shoulders. "If you've finished I'll show you the way," Tim edged over to the stove and looked at the newspaper; it was spotless.

The woman seemed anxious to talk as she swung along in graceful strides. "You see Lynch is divided into seven camps. We live in No. 4. Our camp is finished and the mine is runnin'. They're workin' on five, six, and seven buildin' the houses and openin' the mines. Down yonder is the commissary and the movie house. That light furthest up Black Mountain is the U. S. Steel Company Hotel; the officials and their families live there. There is the church and the priest's house down in that little holler." She stopped. "I can tell you the way from here. Go up that street to the last house — its bigger than the rest — and ask for Big Mac."

Duke was moving ahead. "Thanks, thanks for everything," Tim said.

"Sure. Good luck, kid."

Big Mac looked at them quizzically as he shut and locked his desk. "Yes, I think I could use two young huskies like you if you aren't afraid to work. Meet me at the stables in the morning at 7 o'clock. You'll get \$150 a month. There's room for you at one of the bunk houses; we bought one way tickets for two softies today and you can have their places. Tell Kilcullen I sent you.

"Ulysses!"

"Yes, suh! Mistah MacDougal." The small colored boy reluctantly put down the Irish Setter pup and came over to him.

Take these two men over to the bunk house where Kilcullen's staying. And then you scoot for home. Mammy'll be looking for you with a gad."

Tim straightened his shoulders. Big Mac had said take these MEN and he was going to make 150 bucks a month! It surely was good to get away from home where people realized that you were grown up and weren't always nagging you. He'd show them! As they followed Ulysses, Tim sensed that Duke wasn't feeling the surge of pride and exultation that he was experiencing.

"Sounds like he's gonna expect an awful lot for 150 bucks."

"Well, that's a lot of money to be making. He has a right to expect us to work."

"I dunno, I don't think I'm gonna like it."

Ulysses trotted along ahead. Now that the pup was out of sight he remembered Mammy's admonitions to get home early. If he could just get home before she started out after him! With this in mind, he didn't slacken his speed but pointing to a two story double, he called out, "That there house is the one you is lookin' for." He pattered on to the next house and had just

made the porch when the door opened and an irate woman, arms akimbo, shouted, "U-lys-sees!" A soft voice answered her, "Yes, Mammy, I'se a settin' here on the poach." The two boys smiled as they knocked.

"Are you Mr. Kilcullen? Mr. Mac-Dougal sent us over to see him."

"No. Red!" called the man, "a couple of fellows from Mac are here to see you."

"Send them up," came from upstairs.

Three pairs of eyes from three occupied bunks followed them as they walked to the stairway. Through an open door, leading to the other downstairs room, they saw a surly looking man sitting on the side of his bunk cleaning a gun. The stairway led directly into one big room upstairs. Three iron, double deck beds occupied two sides of the room, lockers and a large metal sink with a pitcher pump, a third. In the center of the room stood a table from which two men had turned expectantly from a game of rummy towards the stairs. On the other end of the table, littered with scraps of tobacco, lay several detective magazines, two well thumbed copies of the Police Gazette, a week-old New York Times bearing the date February 4, 1917, and a new and extremely clean looking Gideon Bible.

"Hello, looking for a place to sleep?" the big Irishman asked. "Well, you can stay up here or downstairs in the back room with Tex and the Jethro brothers."

"This is ok. We'll stay up here," Duke agreed rather hurriedly.

"You can wash up over there at the sink if you want to; I'll show you where the bathhouse is tomorrow. Those two end lockers are empty. You'll find your bedding and towels for the week on the top shelves." Turning back to the table he said, "Your play, Kentuck."

They took down tin pans from the nails above the sink and filled them with water. Tim stripped to the waist and lathered over

with the large square cake of strong soap. "Boy! this sure feels good; I haven't had my clothes off for four days, not since I left home." He dried on his large turkish towel with U. S. Steel in letters of red, running down its center. He looked at Duke and thought, "Gosh, that guy's underwear is really dirty!" Duke was gingerly washing his hands and face, and as he dried, his towel became smudged. Tim sat down on the floor and took off his shoes and clay soaked socks. "This will surely make your feet feel better, Duke." He was ashamed when he saw Duke's feet. "Good Lord, a fellow's feet couldn't get that dirty, could they?" Tim emptied his pan again and washed his socks and hung them over the little line above the sink. Duke looked at his and stretched them out on the lower shelf of his locker.

Red watching these proceedings between plays said, "You, Tim, take the upper deck of my bed and Duke, you can bunk above Peg-leg." The rotund form under the hunched covers hearing his name mentioned, turned over and blinked at them. Duke winced. Peg-leg's round face was puffy and pale under the bristling short pompadour. His brows were wirey and untrimmed, and one eyelid drooped slightly, giving him a rakish and evil look. He sat up in bed and yawned luxuriously, not bothering to cover the gaping mouth with its yellow and uneven teeth. Then he threw his one leg over the edge of the bunk and grinned broadly at the two boys, evidently settling himself for a good visit.

"If you're going to be mule skinnners," Red continued, "you'd better get Peg to teach you his lingo. Don't know what he says to them, but they never balk for him. Kentuck, here, isn't so bad either; he just shows them the notches in his gun. Kentuck gradually unfolded like a jackknife to his full six feet, three inches, and said,

"Wal, think I'll turn in."

Red picked up the paper and looked at the headlines, then laid it down slowly. "We'd all better get to bed if we expect to get going at 5:30 in the morning."

Tim made his bed and reached for the package that had a clean shirt, socks, and pajamas in it. Then he suddenly pushed it back in the locker. These fellows were sleeping in their underwear and probably would think he was a sissy if he didn't. He climbed into bed in the current style.

The tinny jangle of an alarm awoke him before it was light and he slid down to the floor to join the bustle around the sink. The boarding house was next door and when they went in Ulysses was stepping lively with platters of ham and eggs and bowls of potatoes for the two long tables. Mammy didn't trust him with her light baking powder biscuits but proudly brought them in herself after the men had sat down. Tim sat by Red.

"You'll have to sink or swim here, Tim. We never pass anything," he coached as he saw Tim waiting.

"Are you a mule skinner, too?"

"No, I'm a powder monkey."

"What's that?"

"I go before the pit crew and dynamite the site, then the pit crew levels off; they are followed by the stone cutters and the carpenters."

As they left the boarding house Red hailed the pit foreman. "Hey, Ted, going to the stables? How about showing these two men where it is?"

"Sure, come along."

The sun suddenly flooded the valley as they started down. Night and day didn't fool around about coming and going down here as it did in the plains of northern Indiana. He had noticed it last night; one minute it was light and the next the sun had slipped behind the mountain without bothering much about dusk, and it had been dark. The town looked different in

daylight — rather raw. The houses of clapboard were new and unpainted. They stood on neat stone foundations. Only the commissary and church were all of stone. Few trees were left on the carved, bare terraces but many, stripped of their branches, had been driven by pile drivers along the sides of the terraces to prevent avalanches. They found MacDougal waiting for them when they reached the stables.

"There's only one team so one of you will have to work down in the pit."

Tim looked at Duke and Duke said, "Gee, Tim, with my feet the way they are it would kill me to work in a pit. How about you takin' the pit job? After all, I did bring you here and I should have the first pick."

"I'll take the pit job, sir," Tim offered. He thought he had seen Big Mac smile, but when he turned around again he was serious enough.

"Sure you can handle it?" he asked. "Peg, you take Duke with you and get him started and you, Tim, go with Ted."

The pit turned out to be no less than a broad terrace on which a little steam shovel was working. Tim's job was to fire the small upright boiler and to watch the water in the water glass so that it would not drop below level. "When the shovel is filling hollows you'll have to fire like the devil, but when we fill the wagons you can loaf. Some days we can work a half a day without moving the floats under the engine, and on those days you'll have to adjust the water hose only once." The mule drawn wagons began to come into the pit, Peg leading. He turned and maneuvered the mules into position effortlessly. Duke followed him and seemed to be having trouble. Finally he jumped down and tried leading them, but they refused to budge. His face was red and he cursed tunelessly but without results. Then he saw Tim sitting on the deck of the engine.

Tim called, "Hi yuh! This pit job isn't half bad."

Peg stopped his wagon and hobbled over to Duke, his peg leg sinking in the sticky clay with each step. "Get on my wagon and drive it down the road. I'll get these mules going for you." The next trip and the rest of the day Duke managed adequately if awkwardly; but somehow, Tim thought, his heart wasn't in his work. He didn't take kindly to the ribbing that he got in the bunk house that night either. He left early to eat and sat at the other table. When he came back he stayed out on the porch. Tim went out to talk to him but he brushed him off with, "I brought you here and got you a job, now dammit, quit hanging on my neck. I don't like kids!" That last word rankled in Tim's soul.

The next day he watched for Duke's wagon; before it got to the pit he hurried up his fire and stretched out on the deck, feet propped up against the seat box, and hat pulled down over his eyes. He whistled softly "The Livery Stable Blues." And Ulysses, hired for the day on the promise of a reward payday, inquired, "Anything you want me to do, Boss?"

"Why yes, Ulysses, you might reach in my jacket pocket and get me a cigarette, put it in my mouth, and light it."

"Yes sir, Boss!"

When Tim got home that night the locker next to his was empty. Peg said, "Your friend quit today. Said he had a job down in No. 1 on the pile driver. Mules didn't like him anyway; they're smart that way."

Payday came to Lynch bi-monthly. It brought with it revelry and trouble, but to Tim it brought the final proof that he had left childhood behind him. The day before someone in the pit yelled, "Here they come!" and everyone stopped to watch the procession coming up the narrow road.

First came six mounted and heavily armed deputies followed by a two seated, befringed surry drawn by four trotting mules, bearing in the front seat the paymaster and the company sheriff, and in the back, two more deputies. Following the surry, rein-ing in their impatient horses to the speed of the mules, were six more deputies.

"What's it all about?" asked Tim.

"They've been down to Poor Fork to the bank; they're taking the pay to the Sheriff's office till morning."

"Do we get paid in the morning?"

"Naw, the night shift miners get paid when they get off in the morning; we get ours tomorrow afternoon; we get off at three."

"Does it take sixteen men to bring the money from Poor Fork?"

"Yeh, they're dropped off on each side of the valley between here and there, and they pick them up on the way back. There's a lot of strange people can drift into a place like this, you know."

Tim woke the next morning with a feeling of expectancy. One of the Italian stone cutters on the other side of their double was singing "O Sole Mio." Peg reached down at the side of his bunk and groped around on the floor till he found his peg leg; he pounded violently with it on the wooden partition. "Oh, let him sing; this is payday! I don't blame him. It's time to get up anyway," Red called from his bunk. As they went to work the miners were pouring out of the mine entrances like pale, colorless ants. They all turned up the valley toward the paymaster's office.

Three o'clock finally did come, and at last he was in front of the paymaster's window. He stood and looked at the money—\$75.00—until the fellow behind him elbowed him aside. Then he wadded it up in a tight ball in his fist, jammed it down in his pocket, and hurried towards the commissary. There were things there he need-

ed; he had them all picked out. There was a shoulder holster with brass trimmings, and a fellow had promised to wait out in front with a gun for him. He was there when Tim arrived and for five dollars gave him a nickel-plated Owlhead Revolver. The holster was there, too. He bought two cartoons of cigarettes, and looking up, saw the miner whose wife had fixed them the lunch their first night in Lynch. He bought a large box of candy, on the lid of which was a curvaceous lady with her hair done in ear puffs. He gave it to the miner and asked him to take it to his wife. On his way out he saw a striped silk shirt and bought it. Then he remembered Mammy and started toward the boarding house, hat on one side, whistling off key, and treading on air. He jingled the loose change in his pocket experimentally — "Pretty nice! Seventy-five bucks! That surely beats working on Saturdays at the drug store and peddling papers," he reasoned. He felt sorry for all the kids at home going to school. He grinned thinking how their eyes would pop if he could walk in on the gang and flash a twenty — just one of those twenties. He pushed his hat a little farther to one side and swaggered up the steps of the boarding house where he paid Mammy two weeks in advance.

There were two lanky strangers in the room when he got home. They hurriedly put a cover over a large basket as he came in. "He's o.k.," Red told them. "Tim, these are a couple of Kentuck's kinfolks from the Gap. They have some pretty good mountain dew; want any?" They had the moonshine in glass fruit jars. Tim put his quart on the top shelf of his locker. "Leave it alone till tomorrow; we've a job for you tonight."

"What doing, Red?"

"We'll cut the poker pot for you, and you're to stay outside and watch for Sheriff Hawkins."

It wasn't so bad sitting out there on the porch. He could hear them laughing and cursing inside, and after a while Jed came out and sat with him. Tim looked up the side of Black Mountain; it was bathed in a silver sheen from the dark pines at the base up the steep sides where the beeches, oaks, and water maples grew. The blue haze that hung over the ridges in the day time, and gave the mountains their name, had turned into a purple shadowy scarf, or was the mist gone and the sky that color?

"I'll bet this used to be a pretty spot before they started this town."

"Wal, now I reckon it wuz," Jed drawled, "about the purtiest place they ever wuz. The Markum brothers used to hev ther cabin right up ther in the bend where the two mountains meet. Could set on ther porch and see clean over the hull valley. Yep, funny thing!"

"What's funny?"

"Wal, sir, the U. S. Steel tried fer years to buy this valley frum 'em, but they wouldn't sell — didn't want furriners clutterin' up the place and revenuers snoopin' round. They liked to set on ther porch and count the smoke spirals frum the stills a slippin' up through the trees. Old Jake would say to Henry, 'I see Tom Steele's cookin' today,' — er who ever 'twuz. Then one day they found 'em — old Jake, shot through the back while he wuz a stoopin' over by the fireplace a rakin' the ashes off the corn pone. Old Henry was a layin' on the bed shot through the heart. Wuzzn't long till the valley wuz full of surveyors and g'ologists."

"Who killed them?"

"Never did find out. Ever' one thought it wuz some of ther kinfolk, cause they never lost no time sellin' to the Company." Jed sat still for a long time, then he picked up his old accordian and after fingering the keyboard a little, began to play *Barbara Allen*.

Domenico Leopardi jumped over the railing that divided the two porches and tossed a book in Tim's lap. "There's that book by John Fox, Jr. — *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. You may not like the girl stuff in it but the feuding is swell. You know the scene of the book is laid in this valley. After you've read it, we'll go up Black Mountain some Sunday and I'll show you where the Lone Pine used to stand."

"That'll be great. How about going to the show tomorrow night?"

"Sorry; my violin lessons cost a lot and I'm trying to save enough this summer so I won't have to come back next year. There's too much danger of injuring my hands here."

Kentuck went with him to the show; before they started the big mountaineer gulped a huge tumbler of moonshine. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said, "That ought to do me till I git back. Want a drink?" He pushed the tall glass towards Tim.

"My can is right here in my locker." He brought it to the table and filled the glass.

Kentuck eyed the glass. "You used to drinkin' that much?" he asked.

"Surely am." He wished he hadn't said that, the minute the scalding stuff ran down his throat. Tears sprang to his eyes and he had a hard time to keep from choking. Kentuck was watching him with an amused look. Tim took a deep breath and drained the glass. It was a long walk to the show and he felt grand; everything Kentuck said was funny. They went down the dark aisle and felt around for seats. It was a western; Tim was glad of that but he wished it wouldn't flicker so. Kentuck laboriously read all of the explanatory flashes aloud although he seldom completed them before the next picture came on. Someone on the other side of Tim was reading them at a faster speed. It was some-

what confusing. He tried reading them himself but they blurred and ran into each other. He was awfully warm and fumbled with his coat to take it off. All at once the picture started going around and around instead of rushing at him and sneaking back. There was a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach and he knew that he was going to be sick — terribly sick. He reached over to take hold of Kentuck's arm and pitched forward. He felt Kentuck with both powerful hands under his armpits propelling him up the aisle. It was like floating; his toes bumped once or twice, and then Kentuck held him higher and they were outdoors. Kentuck took him around to the side of the building and set him up against a pile of hollow tiles. "Jest set here till the show's out and I'll git you home." With that he went back in.

The air made him feel better but not for long. When he came to, someone was carrying him upstairs. He heard Peg say, "The damned little fool!" He tapped over to him and looked at him then asked, "Is he dead yet?"

Terror seized Tim. That was it — he was poisoned and was going to die! He called Red over to the bed but was too sick to say anything for a few minutes. After a while he asked Red to write down what he was going to tell him. He gave him his father's name and address. "You can ship me home after its over," he whispered feebly. "Tell Dad that I forgive him for licking me, but that the teacher was wrong — I didn't do it. Tell Mother that I'm sorry that I didn't tell her where I was going. You can have my gun and holster."

Red's lips twitched. "Thanks, partner, but you're not going out. You'll be o.k. in the morning. Peg was kidding."

He finally fell asleep. The three men tiptoed over and looked at him. His hands were flung above his head; his face was pale and little beads of perspiration stood

out on his upper lip; damp tendrils of his hair clung to his forehead.

"How old do you suppose he really is?"

Red whispered.

"Kain't be much more'n fourteen,"

Kentuck hazarded.

"Big for his age — looks younger when he's asleep, doesn't he?" said Peg.

Red motioned them back to the table.

"He's too nice a kid for a place like this. Let's send him home."

"Air you crazy or didn't you see him last payday? That kid is sold on this place; he wouldn't go home."

Peg grinned. "There's ways; there's ways."

They whispered together for a while and then went to bed.

Several nights later Tim woke and to his surprise saw Kentuck, Peg, and Red huddled around the table. He'd seen them go to bed and to sleep soon after he had come in. He was just going to say, "What's up?" when Kentuck said, "What about that brat over there in the bunk?"

"We'll have to take him along, I suppose," complained Peg.

"What do you mean HAVE to? We'll let him hold the bag," Red snarled.

"Good idea," they both nodded.

"When do you think would be the best night?"

"About two days before payday ought to be about right. The money comes in on the train that day."

"Hold everything," Red warned, "I thought I saw the covers move over there." He walked softly over to the bunk and looked at the tense figure under the sheet. Tim's heart pounded until he was afraid that Red could hear it. He held his breath until he heard Red say, "No, he's dead to the world." Red winked significantly as he came back to the table.

"There's only one night watchman and we can make the kid bump him off, or if

he doesn't and they ketch any of us we can swear that he was the one thet did it," Kentuck whispered.

Peg reached over and shoved the Gideon Bible under a pile of papers before he said, "He'll make a perfect alibi; his folks don't know where he is, so there'll be no one to push the case."

Red stood up. "Well, we've got time to plan it tomorrow. We'll meet down in Eagle Gulch where there is no danger of being overheard. Let's turn in."

Tim lay motionless till his muscles ached with the effort. Finally he could tell by their breathing that they were asleep; he rolled over and buried his face in the pillow and sobbed softly. He wasn't so scared — it wasn't that — he could get out, but he had liked them, especially Red, and Red was the one that had said the most. "Gosh, couldn't a guy trust anyone?" He knew one place they could be trusted. He pressed his lips tight together and thought, "I won't squeal on them but they're not going to make a monkey out of me!"

Red followed him at a distance and watched him stop at the paymaster's window; he saw him board the afternoon train, then he sauntered into the station. "See you did a big business this afternoon; sold one ticket, didn't you?"

"Yes, one to northern Indiana. Funny kid, he was; looking kind of down at the mouth."

Red walked slowly down the road. As he neared the bunk house Mammy's big, red rooster was pompously crossing the road. Red picked up a cinder and hurled it at him. The rooster squawked and, with neck stretched low, sailed over the fence where he smoothed his ruffled feathers among the sympathetic clucking of his hens.

"Mammy," called Ulysses, "Mister Red is pickin' on our rooster again!"

NON-CONFORMIST

JEANNE GASS

Second Prize, Short Story Division, Butler Literary Contest, 1943

Once upon a time there was a little red horse. Not a real horse you know, but a wooden horse — a Merry-Go-Round horse.

He was a nice little horse with a well-developed personality and but one defect—he was red instead of gray. The One who made him had made a mistake, you know. Instead of making him gray with red spots he made him red with gray spots. Upon discovering this terrible mistake he ran to another of the Ones who make horses and confessed with averted eyes,

"I have made a serious mistake. Come look. I have mixed the background and the spots, that is, the red is where the gray ought to be and the gray where the red ought, — and I'm all confused," whereupon he wrung his grubby hands and shook his stubby beard and did in truth look all confused.

"This is terrible!" cried the other One as he gazed, eyes bulging, at the Monstrosity. "A red horse will never be able to adjust himself to society. Why, grey horses with red spots are all the fashion this year."

"I know, I know," moaned the first. Then he whispered, "Let's just not say anything about it. We'll just pass him along with the rest and perhaps no one will notice the difference."

"A Monstrosity," said the other One shaking his head sadly. Then he repeated himself, for he was fond of the word, "A Monstrosity, truly a Monstrosity." And they walked away, casting disparaging remarks in their wake.

"A name at last!" nodded the little red horse to himself. "A name all of my own. Monstrosity. Monstrosity. Well, it has a funny sound, but rather distinguished, I

fancy." And he smiled, for not having a name had been bothering him for some time.

And so, being removed to a dark corner, he stood patiently and happily, letting his last coat of paint dry and filling his wooden head with dreams of the day when he would lead a lovely life prancing on a Merry-Go-Round.

"I shall be the most gorgeous horse in the world," he concluded, and shivered with delight at the thought of his debut. "I shall live on the biggest Merry-Go-Round in the world. No, not a little one, but the very biggest one in the world." And he admired his shiny gray spots and tossed his wooden head and struck a Dashing Pose.

Then one day an Exciting Event occurred. Monstrosity, along with several others, was taken away — away to the carnival, and put on a big Merry-Go-Round.

"Well, it doesn't look like the biggest in the world," he was vaguely disappointed. "But I guess it will have to do." It was then that he discovered that he had been placed in the lead of all the other horses. When he noted this fact out loud, the other horses disagreed with him, and told him the Consensus felt he was wrong. But Monstrosity didn't mind and was very tolerant, as is well-befitting a Balanced Personality. "After all, who is Consensus, anyway?" he asked reasonably. And since the platform was circular no one could prove he was wrong. That's the way in these matters, you know.

Monstrosity was very popular with the Customers, for he took care to arch his back in an artistic manner and not to throw his passengers off. He did get tired — "I do feel fatigued," he would remark — and

sometimes could hardly wait till midnight when the Merry-Go-Round closed and he could stretch his aching wooden legs stiffly. Then, standing relaxed beneath the dark canvas cover, he spent his time meditating on Things and Life in General.

"But I am really very happy," he would always conclude, reassuring himself, you know, and bolstering his Positive Self-Feelings.

Then one day he made a discovery. He noticed that he was different. "While the other horses are gray with red spots I am red with gray spots. They don't seem to notice it, but I tell you I am different. I am different from the others." And he reflected gravely upon his personal State and wondered what would become of him.

Then the summer turned to autumn, and the world to a fairy-tale forest. The skies were a vague smoky blue, and the nights were crisp and cool. The leaves on the trees turned kaleidoscope colors and dazzled the eyes of the little red horse as they danced and tumbled before him. The trees nearest the Merry-Go-Round were tinted with brilliant orange and red, splotched with patches of green and brown. They rustled dryly when the wind blew.

But just beyond the carnival grounds there was a little maple tree that was pure gold. It was perfect in shape and grew on a little rise in the ground that set it apart from the rest of the world. Its delicate curly leaves glittered in the sunlight with unbelievable brightness, and the dark slender trunk reached tenderly up into the heart of the golden leaves.

Monstrosity felt an indefinable yearning to be near this tree, to nuzzle his wooden nose into its golden foliage and rub his back against its rough trunk. "My Tree," he called it. And the gay lift of his head lost some of its gaiety as he realized he could not have his Tree. Through the smoky days and cool nights he thought

about it until he began to develop a split personality.

"I do not really belong here on this Merry-Go-Round," he reasoned. "I am different. If I stay here I'm liable to become a pathological case. I am really another being, quite different. I should be prancing beneath my Tree instead of slaving here. I must get away from it all." And he fretted about the wheezing music, and the thought of his freedom chafed his mind like the leather bit at his wooden mouth. One night he made a Decision. "I will go!" he said.

After the cover had been put down, he lifted his hoofs delicately, one by one, from their footholds in the platform. Stealthily he crept from beneath the cover, and leaped from the Merry-Go-Round. "Free!" he exalted, and his wooden hoofs clattered on the boardwalk. He turned and got his bearings. In the silver of the moonlight his Tree was more beautiful than he had ever imagined. Stiffly he galloped toward it, happier than he had ever been in his life.

The next thing he knew, he struck the ground with a hollow clunk. A fence. There was a barbed-wire fence in the way. Desperately he tried to leap over it. He failed, tried again and again. He only splintered his ankle. Then he crowded close to the fence and stretched and stretched, trying to touch the magic leaves. An inch away, a half inch. He stretched still more. Then the wind stirred the lowest gold leaf, and it brushed his wooden nose before it rose with the eddying air currents. He stood poised motionless for a while. Then gradually the little red horse lost his feeling of disappointment. At least he had tried, at least for a moment he had been free, had been blessed. And as the silver streaks of dawn appeared, he limped his way back along the boardwalk to his old familiar place in the Merry-Go-Round platform.

As he settled three hoofs back into their notches, he noticed that his seams had burst here and there and he had lost some of his woodenhorse beauty marks. Then suddenly he saw he was no longer red! He had stretched and stretched until the gray spots had become bigger and bigger and the red spots littler and littler until — he was a gray horse with red spots. When he

thought about this he was even more dejected. "Not only am I old and broken, but now I'm no longer Different," he whinnied sadly. "I'm only one of the Common Herd."

But when the full rays of the dawn fell upon the carnival grounds, the dingy mirrors of the Merry-Go-Round showed the tip of his nose to be gold — pure gold.

GRANDPA'S STORY

MARY MARGRETTE SCHORTEMEIER

Third Prize, Short Story Division, Butler Literary Contest, 1943

Grandpa was coming in. Leaning on his cane, she thought. She'd look around and see. Yes, leaning on his cane. And ready for his lunch. Noon meal was always dinner to him, though, even if it was only a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk.

"Well, how's dinner coming along? Is there anything I can do to help?"

He was hungry. Men were always hungry. Even if they were old. Help? What could he do to help? Just what? Get on out of the kitchen. But she couldn't say that. Not to Grandpa.

"Are you slicing cheese? The butcher knife'd be better. I'd be glad to do it for you. More than glad. Yes, sir, just mighty glad."

She certainly wasn't slicing up the moon. It was green cheese. And this was very evidently rich and golden. Right there before him and he wondered if it was cheese. His questions were just habit. They meant nothing. And she was very well able to slice the cheese. She was no baby. She was old enough to be married and keeping house for a husband instead of for him. But he forgot that.

"Yes sir, it's a good thing I came in

when I did. You needed some help. I always was a hand to help out the women folks. Yes sir, I'm mighty glad to slice this cheese. Just more than glad."

How could he go on that way? She hated to hurt his feelings. She wouldn't tell him how much of a nuisance he was. If he just didn't talk so much he wouldn't bother her so. Just as well stop the sun from shining, though. Grin and bear it. Well — anyway, bear it.

"Slicing cheese for you like this makes me think of a long time ago—"

Everything made him think of a long time ago. That was part of growing old, maybe. She hoped she'd never bore her grandchildren with reminiscences from times that would seem long ago to them. If ever she had any grandchildren — and any memories . . .

"Reminds me of a long time ago when me and my sister — the oldest sister, the one you never saw — we two were left out on the ranch together while the family went somewhere. Can't remember where, anymore. May have been a family funeral. That was about the only time they would so many of them go at once. Might have

been a wedding or a baby born — but I'm not sure. Then just my older brother and Ma would've gone. Ma to do the family proud and my brother to drive the rig — Yes, yes, I remember I'm cutting cheese. Sure I'm cutting cheese."

He went right on living in the past, telling her these long tales about people she had never seen. They were all just names. His old red plush-covered family album had pictures of some of them. But what was a picture in an album — what were they to her but faded faces and queer clothes? Why dwell with them? There were people — a person — whom she did know and did love — but what would that get her?

"Don't get impatient, now, I'm almost done. It's a little stiff when it's just out of the ice-box. Well, about my story. My sister and me were out there on the ranch five days and nights. Mighty lonesome days and nights they was, too. We'd get along all right in the day time — there were always plenty of chores waiting to be done then. But at night when the dishes were done and then it was time to sit down — here's your cheese all sliced. I reckon that'll be enough."

Yes, and enough of his chatter, too. She could have sliced the cheese in half the time with half the trouble. She had to humour him, though. Now he would sit down on the kitchen chair and lean it back on two legs against the wall until it tottered crazily. He was in a story telling mood. He was, though, whenever he got any one to listen to him. She couldn't help seeming to listen. She could think of her dreams while he rambled on, and he'd never know.

"Guess I'll sit down here. Seems like there's nothing to be did right now. Let me know, though, if there's anything you want me to do. I'll be right glad to."

There went the chair leaning back on its two legs. There was that gleam in his

eye. She wondered when he would get back to his tale.

"Did I ever finish my story about the cheese? It's not such a long story, not very interesting anymore. But it was interesting back in the old days. Used to be folks would just sit around and swap yarns. Folks didn't all the time need a radio or a phonograph blatting in their ears in those days. That racket all the time keeps 'em from thinking, seems to me. Nobody can tell you a good old fashioned, honest-to-goodness story these days. It's a lost art. It's all phonograph and radio, nowadays. I remember, though, the first victrola in our town. Why, folks were so excited about it. And nobody understood how it was made. It seemed mysterious to us all. But we liked it. I remember *On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine* — musta' played it a thousand times, myself. And I remember the first radio, too. It had a great big inside aerial that stood up in the living room — that's about the time we quit calling it the parlor — anyway, this diamond shaped thing stood out like a sore thumb in the front room. Everybody that had one was so proud. And we listened all the time."

The point — the story — was he ever going to finish? She knew what it would be. But she mustn't let him know that. She must keep him in suspense, the way he thought he was keeping her. It was like playing a game. Playing like she was listening to some one else say other things. He would surely fall off of that chair. She'd have to tell him to be careful.

"Yes, yes, — I know what I'm doing. Sat this way for years and never yet fell off. I'll sit down flat, though, if you like that better. Always aim to please the women folks. I'll sit on all four legs and tell my story. Does that suit you now? Well, my sister and I—I've been all around Robin Hood's barn telling this thing — my sister and I got along all right in spite of

being lonesome and everything. Right then I wouldn't have minded a radio or victrola. It was pretty doggone lonesome. But our trouble started on the fourth day. My sister always was a good cook. I told your grandma before I married her that she'd have to be as good a cook as this oldest sister of mine. She was, too; don't let anybody tell you she wasn't. They got to meet once and swap recipes — neither one out-smarted the other, either."

More album leaves. He droned on and on. And she wasn't listening very closely. She wondered if HIS sister was a good cook. Anyway, she had experience. Some people got married without knowing how to boil water, as Grandpa would say. Imagine her quoting Grandpa. She had listened to him enough. She ought to be able to.

"I'll move out from the table so's you can put the cloth on. I like a big white cloth like that with sharp creases even when we eat in the kitchen. It reminds me of old times before there was any oilcloth. Out on the ranch we didn't know what oil-cloth was. I can remember how the big white table cloths looked on the clothes line. Well, that time I was telling you about — my sister and I ran out of food. Maybe you think that's a funny thing to happen on a farm, but that's just what did happen. You try having nothing but milk, cream, and butter for two whole days and you'll be sick of it, too."

Sick of it — how expressive for her feelings. Lunch was almost ready and he wasn't through with his story. And he wouldn't start eating until his story was

finished. By then the meal would be ruined. Here he was off again.

"Yessir, all we had to eat was what was in the ice house. We went down together and looked. It was always so cool and refreshing inside. Usually I wanted to start right in and eat a whole pound of butter. But having the chance, for once, I kind of out-did myself. I kinda' lost my taste for butter after that. Well, we looked around and Sis found a big cheese. The two of us lifted it off the shelf. I took a big knife — sort of like that one you're cutting the bread with there — and sliced some of that cheese off. Then — now this is the funny part — Sis took that sliced cheese to the house and put in a skillet over a low fire and *fried that cheese*. It was the funniest stuff I ever tasted. It got real soft and sticky and its flavor altogether changed. I didn't like it at all, but I ate it just to please her. But I was sure glad when the folks come back — don't know where they'd been anymore — when they came back with food — meat and potatoes. Mighty glad — Yessir, just more than glad."

He was going to get up and shuffle over to wash his hands in the kitchen sink and then back again to the table. There wouldn't be much longer to wait, surely. She was glad the man she was going to marry was young. He'd never tell her the same old story over and over. She'd have to tell Grandpa about him right after lunch. Feed a man first and then tell him. She had experience. Grandpa was ready for dinner.

THE CASE OF THE PEARL NECKLACE

WILLIAM S. McLEAN

I had been teaching a class in psychology at Turner College for four years, when an incident occurred that threatened to bring the taint of scandal on the whole school. A member of one of the sororities reported the loss of a valuable pearl necklace, which, she thought, had been stolen during the dinner hour. The college officials made every attempt to discover the thief with little success. Suspicion's finger pointed to a young man by the name of Henry Stewart, but there was no tangible evidence upon which to make an accusation. Then Dr. Klinger, the president, asked me to see what I could do. He urged me to prevent the matter from getting into the newspapers.

"Any adverse publicity at this time," he said, "will practically ruin the school."

"But," I said, "I'm no Sherlock Holmes." But in the end I agreed to do what I could.

In class, the next day, I began a lecture on "Association," and pointed out that our memories and recollections are aided by associating what we see and hear with that which we already know. I went on to suggest that I would like to demonstrate what I had said, and that I would do so if they would bring someone who was not a member of the class. Then I asked, in a manner I hoped was casual, if some one would bring his room-mate.

"Mr. Thomas, could you bring your room-mate?" I asked. Thomas was Stewart's room-mate, and I sincerely hoped I was being subtle. Thomas agreed to do so, and I dismissed the class.

No student ever crammed for an exam as I did for that experiment. I was not sure I had the right to attempt what I

planned, much less being sure of its success.

However, the next day Thomas brought Stewart with him and introduced him to me.

"Mr. Stewart, I am glad you came to-day," I said. "I want to demonstrate a principle of psychology, and I need some one from outside the class to help me. Will you be so kind?"

Stewart grinned rather nervously and said, "Sure. What cha want me t' do?"

I watched him rather closely and noted that he shifted from one foot to the other while he was talking to me. He also kept moving his hands. First, they were in his pockets, and then they were out. His eyes shifted to almost every object in the room, except my own eyes.

"In this demonstration," I said, "I want to show the power of association in the human mind. I shall call the name of some object and I want you to tell me the first thing that comes to your mind. Will you do that?"

This seemed to quiet him somewhat and he said, "Sure," in a firmer voice.

"All right," I said. "Now remember, tell me instantly the first thing that you think of. First, — pencil."

"Paper," he said at once.

"Pen," I said.

"Ink."

"Automobile."

"Date."

And so it went. I gave him quite a long list of common, trivial objects and he seemed to be enjoying himself and lost some of his nervousness. Then I got down to business.

"Streetcar," I said.

"Strap-hanger," he replied.
"Stair steps," I waited, my heart in my mouth.
"Red rug," came instantly.
"Home." (This, so as to not give it away.)
"Dad."
"Trunk."
"Red tile roof." He began to look worried again.
"Sorority." He was definitely worried now.
"Dressing table."
"Pearl necklace." When he said this, his eyes flashed, and he jumped to his feet.

"It's a lie," he shouted. "It's a lie. I didn't do it."

I took him to the president's office and after we questioned him further he confessed to the theft. He had sneaked into the house while the girls were at dinner, and tip-toed up the steps, which were covered with a red carpet. At the landing where the stairs turned there was a window-overlooking the porch, and at the other side was an antique trunk. These things he had noticed, unconsciously, as he went up and down the stairs, and had given himself away when I had led him on in my little demonstration.

THREE STAGES IN MY MOTHER'S LIFE

JOHN WHITAKER

At twenty my mother was a proud, polished, and contemptuous young lady, who was a perfect product of her age — the fabulous nineties. She had graduated from a finishing school and had spent a year in Europe as all proper young ladies do. Her face reflected this. A shadow connected the nose with her arched brow, which gave an aristocratic yet haughty look that was still accented by her long curved eyelashes. Her light brown hair was swept up in a great halo, that furthered her exalted air. The eyes and mouth gave a determined and impatient look that is characteristic of youth as well as of the age in which she was living.

My mother at thirty-five was subdued, and the world was increasingly with her; but the fire of her youth still faintly burned

within her. Her hair was no longer swept up in front. It was now parted in the middle and combed to either side where it fell into one long curl which circled the lower part of the head. This gave her a classical profile although her features were less distinct. Her air was one of calmness and serenity, for she was gaining a truer perspective on life.

Olivia de Cartier was now at fifty a serene, gracious, and philosophical woman. Her graying hair was still parted in the middle and formed a circle about the back of her head. Her once sharp features were now soft if not faint. The mouth was no longer quizzical but rather kind and sweet. A profound love of life could be seen in her eyes, which were turning more and more toward God.



PEASANT WOMAN

BY SAMUEL RICHARDS

John Herron Art Museum



MY DAUGHTER IN THE ARGENTINE COUNTRY

BY ANTONIO ORTIZ ECHAGNE

John Herron Art Museum

THEY FLASH UPON THAT INWARD EYE

HELEN FLEISCHER

Of course we never want or intend to forget the dear loved ones with whom we have lived and learned — those who have enriched our minds with their wisdom, beliefs, and interpretations of life, and have given us a gallery of happy memories which have a permanent place along with our ever increasing store of knowledge. However vivid these personalities may seem to us, yet, a few turns of the pages of a photograph album can bring their faces back again without any effort put forth on our part. Allow me to open this priceless book in order to refresh my memory.

Here is Uncle Dan, my favorite of all my uncles, just as he so often appeared to me. While he holds his pipe in his firmly pressed lips, he stares, as if deep in thought, far off into the distance. His straight, cottage, porch chair, holding his heavy frame, is tilted back against the house wall, and one of his legs is resting comfortably across the knee of the other one while his right arm also relaxes on the chair arm with his large hand dangling limply. His bald head reflects the evening glow of the Maine sun which shines down upon his tanned face offsetting his large straight nose; and the gleam on his glasses somehow makes the learned expression of his deepset blue eyes appear even more powerful, although his eyes are seemingly hid by shadow.

In his less tranquil moods, Uncle Dan seemed to me like a Mr. Scrooge when he woke up after his visits from the spirits. His chief happiness was gained through making others happy, especially those of his own blood. Often, when he gave me driving lessons, he would say in his deep, loud voice, and with a twinkle in his eye, "There's nothing I'd rather see than that

dimple in your cheek." And I didn't have to force myself to show it when he planned exciting futures for me and talked of humorous escapades of his youth. One thing that always amused me was his contrariness to conventionalities or his stubbornness when he was compelled to act against his own judgment. No one ever saw Uncle Dan wearing a tie other than a bow tie and a vest under his coat; and whatever was the custom, he cared little about what others thought. If they didn't like him as he was, he said they knew where they could go. I'm afraid that only too often did his over-spirited and too-expressive vocabulary of profanity shock strangers. But to those who really knew him, they were meaningless and not at all representative of his true nature.

The old wrinkled, shrunken, little lady, peeking merrily over the rims of her reading glasses and holding an armful of kittens, is my dear neighbor, Mrs. Lewis. This picture portrays her quite well because it exposes her two loves — her love for cats and her love for books. It was a familiar sound in the late hours of the night to hear a high, thin voice calling determinedly over and over again, "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty." At fifteen minute intervals she would again and again call in her pets until all were home with "mama."

Although Mrs. Lewis was very old and at times seemed a bit childish, her mind was as alert as any young person's when she had a chance to discuss a book with one of her neighbors. Most of her reading material consisted of volumes on religion. She had studied earnestly over two-hundred different tenets of Christian sects, and could talk, in truth, for hours without re-

tracing a thought or wandering from her subject, about the faults and virtues of Christian teachings. When she had once begun on her favorite topic, there was no possible hope of leaving her until the lesson was closed. Even an interruption at the front door could not break the stream of thought; she would pick up the sentence on the following word and continue her lecture as if nothing had interfered. As much as Mrs. Lewis studied religion, oddly enough, she had never joined a church. But when it came to living up to the teachings of Christ, no person could have lived the part better than she. I know, for she loved her neighbors.

When I look at the picture of Aunt Kate standing in her garden at the back of her old frame house gazing pleasingly at roses — Aunt Kate in her starched, white, summer dress and white, low-heeled shoes, with her thin, gray hair brushed smoothly back from her slightly wrinkled high forehead and pinned in a neat, little knot at the back of her neck — I think of a family treasurer and spic and span housekeeping.

To look at Aunt Kate for the first time and to converse with her, one would indeed have been a bit uncomfortable because of her striking ugliness — small, colorless eyes, a large lopsided nose which seemed to pull to one side where her thin-lipped mouth had its origin, and fell down into place in normal order on the other side of

her nose. Her skin, with its wrinkles, was so thin that the blood vessels showed through it as if it were thin paper, and the glands of her neck projected noticeably when she swallowed. Her voice was shrill and her laugh quite annoying because of the squeak that accompanied it. But in spite of all the unfortunate defects in her outer make-up, one soon lost all consciousness of them, aided by her pleasing personality and her charming way of easing the conversation.

Aunt Kate's house, which had belonged to her father, was kept in perfect order and also spotlessly clean. Nothing was ever misplaced and everything had remained in its appointed position for all the many years she lived there alone. The furnishings were family heirlooms, and if one were interested, Aunt Kate would proudly display her chests of family belongings and have an interesting history to tell with each article. Everybody in the little town loved Aunt Kate, and she was never idle when she could be of help to a friend.

Are we not fortunate to have such pictures which help to freshen in our minds the spirits that shall live on in spite of ended lives? Some people do not like to recall the past — they live entirely for the future, and the present; but even at my age, the past is one of the most precious valuables that I possess.

A NEW FORMAL

MARGARET BRAYTON

The girl stood in the narrow doorway a moment before she went, slowly, into the living-room. She did not speak to her mother who was sitting in the dingy, brown leather chair by the window, did not seem to notice the anxious, gray eyes staring at her through old-fashioned, horn-rimmed glasses. She walked aimlessly about the room, then stopped to peer out of the window. "Mother," the girl began, still looking through the window into the cold, December twilight.

"Yes?"

"I wanted to know if you think," she faltered.

"Yes?"

"If I made it myself, could I please, please have a formal for Christmas?" She turned towards her mother at last. "Please, Mother?"

Her mother's gray eyes stared, unseeing, at the shabby green carpet. "Jane, I don't see how I can manage it. I just don't see how."

"Oh, Mother, I've got to," the girl sobbed, "I've got to have a formal. Our class is giving a play and then a dance. The teacher chose me to play the part of Mary. She said I read better than anyone in the whole class. It's going to be so much fun." The words tumbled out hurriedly at first, but the last sentence

sounded more like a prayer.

Jane waited expectantly for her mother to say something. But her mother sank deeper into the chair. The room was so quiet that the squeak of the leather rent the silence. Her mother's voice sounded frail and hopeless. "I don't see how I can. Maybe there's something in the attic we can make over," she offered at last.

"Make over!" the girl exploded. "Mother, you don't understand. I have the lead in the play. Johnny's already asked me to the dance. I can't wear something made over. '... I couldn't!'" Again there was a long silence. Each second seemed longer than the one before it. "I don't ask for much. I know you're having a hard time. I know we owe the grocer and everybody," her voice trembled, "but please, please just give me five dollars. I can make it for that. Please?"

There was no answer. There was nothing her mother could say. She sat there for a long time without moving. The girl finally fell on the couch, tears streaming down her face. At last the mother stooped up and a long sigh shook her thin body. "Do you want to go to the attic with me?"

The huddled figure on the couch did not move. Each sob seemed to shout, "I just have to I just have to have a new formal, Mother!"

ALBUM PIECES

ELIZABETH CALKINS

There are many scenes in my life which I shall never forget, though I have no tangible reminders. There is one which must have taken place when I was very young, for the chief character is my great-grandma Smith, who died when she was ninety-eight, and that was shortly after my third birthday. I can see her standing, as stern and straight as her unbending words, on the walk that led down to the street in front of the house. In the background there was a corner of the porch with the side street vanishing behind it, for the house was on the corner. The small details of the picture have dimmed, but that only sharpens the figure of my grandma Smith in her long, stiff black dress, a lacy touch of white at the neck, and a very alert, serious, Irish face, the chin of which indicated her unrelenting nature. I can see her thin gray hair parted exactly in the middle and pulled tightly back into a knot. She looks at me and does not move. I can remember nothing more.

There is one incident in my life that made a very great impression upon me. It was my first experience in gambling. I was a five-year-old playing on the porch of a friend. Down the street floated the chug-chug of a car which sounded very much like that of a man in the neighborhood who was a particular chum of mine. I pricked up my ears and said knowingly,

"Betcha that's Mr. So-and So's car!"

"Aw, it ain't either," my host replied scornfully.

"Aw, I betcha it is," I insisted.

He brightened suddenly as a thought occurred to him. "Betcha a dime it isn't," he said craftily.

"Betcha it is," I repeated, parrot-like.

"Say, 'Betcha a dime it is'," he urged as the car came nearer.

"O.K.," I agreed innocently, "betcha a dime it is." Alas, as the car broke into view I saw that I was mistaken.

"You owe me a dime," my host stated superiorly.

"I do not," I said, still in the dark as to the actual meaning of the word 'betting' and resenting both his tone and his implication.

"Oh yes, you do," he returned.

After a few more words, I left in a huff, still sticking to my story. That afternoon the little boy presented himself at my door with a very polite, but very determined air.

"You owe me a dime," he said as persistently as a broken record.

I would have turned him away empty-handed, but Mother and Daddy had heard the story and delivered their verdict—in favor of the urchin. I was furious. Not only was I losing a precious dime, but I was being humiliated. I saw red, I'm afraid I would have jumped up and down and squealed if I had dared, but I very well knew that it would never have been tolerated. They paid him — paid him out of my very own bank into which I plunked each red cent that came my way, for even then I was something of a miser. Since then, I can rarely be persuaded to bet.

There is a very foolish scene which persists in sticking in my mind. It took place a day or so after my fourth Christmas which we spent in El Paso, Texas. My grandparents had come down from Indianapolis to celebrate with us. Outside, a sandstorm was doing its best to scour the town off the map. I can see my grandpa

sitting placidly in a rocker smoking his pipe. He is the only other person in the scene, although he does nothing but sit and rock and smoke. I can see myself playing with my crayons and a coloring book beneath the Christmas tree, the gay remains of the holiday still surrounding me. I seem to be dissatisfied with the broad, blunt line my crayons leave, so I rise and take them to a pencil sharpener where I give them fine, tapering points. I can see the silky, curly shavings yet! What a rainbow they made as they mingled in a heap beneath the machine! But how they clung to my fingers!

I once had a terrifying experience with water. One bright summer Sunday we were visiting some friends who had a cottage on White River. We were not the only friends who had chosen to visit the Crippins that afternoon, and presently there were a good many strangers sitting in groups politely comparing notes with each other. The sight of the river pleased me very much, as I rarely came to close to such a lot of water. The cottage and grown-ups were on a high bank, I was on the dock. Several children about my age were with me, and as none of us knew each other, we had on our company manners. Some small flowered beads on the neck of one of the girls caught my attention, and I turned my back on the river to admire them. The vain creature was anxious that I see them well, and she pressed closer. I shrank from contact with a complete stranger, and backed demurely away. But she was a determined soul, so she advanced. Again I retreated, but I had used all the available space behind me. Down I went into the dark, murky water! I can't convey the sensation of gold clamminess that crept over me, mentally and physically, but I'll never forget it. Several men sitting at the top of a long flight of steps sprang into instant action. After I had experienced several of the longest

seconds in my life, a strange hand was held out to me. So near and yet so far it seemed! So far as I knew, the water went down to China. Somehow I got the hand, and somehow it pulled me out. When they were sure I was safe, they tried to tell me that it wasn't even up to my waist. A likely story!

I remember one Easter morning when I was participating in the services at the Monument. I stood in a group of little girls, all of us quietly waiting our turn to sing. Next to us a group of young men was giving forth vigorously with the Halleluia Chorus. As I looked down the line which shared the step with me, I saw a row of earnest masculine faces which seemed to bite the air as they chanted, "Hallelu-YA! Hallelu-YA!"

There's one amusing memory from a day I spent with a friend of mine in a small town. There were five children in Bethy's family, to say nothing of pets. They always had three or four. There was the inevitable canary, and litters of puppies and kittens were the usual thing. This particular afternoon Bethy and I were alone at her house, in the kitchen preparing a tea-party. The canary was in its cage in the center of the dining room table, and little kittens were everywhere underfoot. All of a sudden I heard a flutter of wings and all kinds of frantic canary utterances. I looked in at the dining room table. There was one small black kitten flattened against the bars of the cage, clinging with the claws of all four feet as he watched with greedy eyes the terrified canary beating itself against the opposite side of the cage in a vain attempt to be somewhere else — anywhere that the kitten was not. Bethy pushed by me as I stood paralysed in the doorway, and with speed born of life in a large family, she swooped upon the kitten, tore it from the cage with an ungentle hand, patted it sharply on its little rear, and

shoved it out the screen door with an admonishing, "Shame, shame on you!" Then we proceeded with the teaparty — she as calm as before, and I with suppressed excitement. For her, this was the only one small incident in the lively harum-scarum day that she and her family spent, while I was an only child and spent a comparatively quiet life.

I think that from the vantage point of the present I can look at the past with a detached perspective. Seeing myself as I was enables me to judge myself as I am. Aside from this, even unpleasantnesses of the past have faded into laughable insignificance and become very pleasant to remember.

AMERICANA

DORIS DALEY

I ride over the hills and I see the sun rise on America. I see a vast continent through the purple haze. I see the deserts and the jungles — the summer sun and the winter snow. I see the people who live in this country — as they came, different as the corners of the earth they left, and as they are today, one and indivisible — the lifeblood of the land. I see their farms and their great cities. I see them alone and in milling crowds, and I hear the tramp of their marching feet.

For Americans are young and they love life, and they will stay free. Years ago, our founding fathers acted upon the impulse of independence and it is still our dream today.

The American is free, and bold, and strong. He is like the stinging wind in his forests and the shining steel in his factories. He is a jack-of-all-trades, and master of most. He loves new ideas, new inventions, new styles. He is never satisfied with the present.

The American will get what he is after, but he will not follow blindly to get it. He must know "why." He has pried many secrets from his vast country — earth and sea and sky — and the search is never-ending.

He is quick and sharp, calculating. He

loves to take a chance. He is a past master at the great American game of Bluff. He always plays the game fairly and to the best of his ability. The "good old college try" is an American institution.

The American is full of spirit and friendliness. The whole town are his neighbors, and the whole country his friends. He makes vast quantities of money, and spends it on the shining, useless baubles that delight his children—and himself.

The American makes his own laws, and he sometimes makes mistakes. He has learned much from both. He is wise, and he trains his children to be wise and strong. He is tolerant and capable. He has the faith of a child in his ideals, and while often over-zealous in carrying them to others, he fortunately cannot be crushed by the scorn of the older and wiser nations.

The American loves a baseball game and he loves a good fight. His sympathy goes out to the underdog if the latter is worthy of it; for while the American worships big things and powerful things, he will not bow down to intolerance and oppression. He will get in his two cents' worth, rather than be swallowed in the flood, standing still.

That is why his feet are marching today, and he will see to it that they march toward a different goal tomorrow.

THE STUDENT'S PREPARATION FOR PEACE

Impromptu
JACK WALKER

I consider myself very fortunate in having the opportunity to attend college under the circumstances that the war has brought about. I have always believed that education is the foundation of democracy and also that the college educated person is at an advantage in a democracy. When the war is over, if all of the promises of our leaders are kept, democracy will spread to all peoples, and the leaders, the educated of this greatest of democracies, will become leaders of the world. Could it not easily fall within their power to direct the building of a post-war world of international harmony, into which war could never again

force itself?

I believe that everyone should do his duty for his country in this great struggle, but we must remember that the struggle will not end when the fighting ends. The college student of the present will be the soldier of the second half of the struggle, the struggle of building a permanent peace in the post-war world. Certainly, every person who has the opportunity should stay in school and prepare himself for service in the great army of reconstruction. A shortage of manpower in that army would mean that those who fought and died in the first struggle, fought and died in vain.

THE COLLEGE GIRL'S WAR EFFORT

Impromptu
MILDRED EVANS

College girls in the past have been used to three suitcases of clothes and a date every night with a civilian. Jane Co-ed now has an entirely new system of life and she accepts it gladly. Jane is now cooperating with a great event, war.

Jane stands in the cold wind of a morning, waiting for a bus or streetcar, for father only has an A stamp. It is still early, as Jane now gets up at six instead of the usual seven of last year. After school, she gets on a crowded streetcar and smiles politely if someone steps on her toes.

At night Jane Co-ed goes out with a soldier or sailor and really enjoys herself, even if he doesn't spend six dollars on the

entertainment and food. Getting ready for her date, she doesn't ask herself which pair of shoes she is going to wear, or which dress but puts on one of her few outfits with little accessories which she uses in making her clothes look new. After she is ready for her date, Jane walks in a two-inch snow to the streetcar and jokes about her toeless shoes.

The next morning Jane helps her mother with breakfast as her mother works in a war plant. She then starts out for another day with a smile on her face. Jane Co-ed is a symbol of all college girls in helping the United Nations in this great war effort.

A RIVER AND AN ISLAND

JOHN STUART

An island in a river is a wonderful place. Although there is one in White River not far from Butler, many students have never seen it. This island divides the flow of the river into two parts, the channel being to the right. There are rapids on both sides of the island the current on the left side rushes between large stones. It is possible to get to the island by jumping from stone to stone from the left side only. It is fascinating to watch the changes in life around this island come with the changes of the seasons.

I

The sun is rising on its scale of declination. It has arrived at the place where the people of Siam look above their heads to see this blazing globe of noon, and astronomers say that its plane bisects the top lobe of the Analemma. We notice that the days are longer and that the air is warmer. Spring has come to Indianapolis.

With the arrival of spring, clouds come out of the west. There are the great nimbus or cumulo-nimbus clouds moving slowly at low altitudes bringing spring rains to the land. With the rains, the creeks are filled, and the rivers swell and spill over their banks. The water moves fast, and is quite cold. The river seems as if it is awake and powerful. It is at such a time as this that I like to go down to the river.

It is a day in April. The floods of early spring have receded, but the water is high. The island is still submerged. Spring wild flowers are all around. In the woods beside the river, the violets are blooming. The trilliums, bloodroots, jack-in-the-pulpits, dutchman's breeches, and May flowers are there, too. The skunk cabbages and salt and peppers have been there for a month.

The first of the spring birds are beginning to return. The robins that migrated are back. There, too, are the scarlet tanagers, baltimore orioles, purple martins, cat birds, swallows and wrens just back from the tropics.

The animals are the same as those of the winter. The squirrels and the ground squirrels are about all that one can see. I suppose that there are field mice, opossums, rats, shrews and other small mammals, but these are nocturnal in their feeding habits and are difficult to find. There are not many insects or snakes to be found in April.

One can learn a valuable lesson in industriousness from watching animals in the spring, if industriousness is a valuable lesson.

II

The sun is drooping on its scale of declination. Since spring, it has revolved about the upper lobe of the Analemma and has begun its descent of the lower lobe. It is now over Borneo and Sumatra at noon, and the days in Indiana are hot. Autumn has come to Indianapolis.

There are no rains to indicate the arrival of Autumn. There is only heat. The river is only a tiny, sluggish ribbon of water. Much of the river bed is dry and cracked. The sand of the island is burning to walk upon. Life is here, but it is slow. The most active of the living things in this autumnal heat are the insects. There are thousands of flies of all types. There are dragon flies representing several wing colors; there are horse flies; there are house flies. There are more butterflies at this time of year than at any other time; there are also more mosquitoes.

It is easy to find water snakes in the fall. At noon, they sun themselves. You will often almost step upon a snake before you will notice it or it will notice you. When it discovers that you are near, it will invariably move away. If you can find a large piece of metal or a large rock on a sand bar, there will often be a snake beneath it.

At night, the frogs in the reeds beyond the island come to life. Although you can occasionally see one in the daytime, it is at night that you realize how many there must be. It seems as if nocturnal noises are especially noticeable in autumn.

III

The sun is at the bottom of its scale of declination. The British on the Fiji Islands stay indoors at noon, away from the burning sun directly overhead. It is February; it is winter; it is cold in Indianapolis.

The visible flow of the river has been locked by ice. The trees, except the beech and the oak, are without leaves. On these two hang dead leaves, remembrances of a summer that has gone. The ground has a

thin layer of snow and more is falling. The river is a lonesome place for those who have seen it during its active period in summer, but it is not without life.

There are several kinds of winter birds. Many robins do not fly south. The cardinals and the blue jays are still here; here, too are the sparrows and the crows. Squirrels and ground squirrels are active in spite of the snow. Fish still swim under the ice, and microscopic plants and animals live there for the fish to feed upon.

Skating parties come down the river to a place just above the rapids. There is also good skating on the back ponds beyond the north bank. This place is sheltered from the wind by small hills; its only connections to the river are two channels near opposite ends of the ponds. There are hollow trees along the bank in which fires can be built. The river is a wonderful place in the winter time.

With the change in seasons comes a change of items of individual interests as items, but the fascination of the river never diminishes.

MY FAVORITE SPOT

SAM STARK

My favorite spot is in the Marion Railway car shops. This may seem strange to anybody else, but that is what I like. I like to stand in the door-way of the shops and watch the bright orange cars move about the yard. The sound of the wheels rolling over low joints is music to my ears.

The atmosphere of three brick buildings on the property is of a busy street car company. The building to the west is for storage of equipment. Much activity is seen around this building. The next one to it is

for the maintenance of equipment. Loud noises of machinery are heard from the building, especially when they are rebuilding some equipment. The third building in the row is used as storage space for spare parts. In front of these buildings is a yard with a large hedge around it, which make them more pleasing to look at.

It is about time for Mr. Hopkins to start out on a run. Hoppy boards the car as I put the trolley pole up. Then comes the rhythmic chug of the compressor. Next

the throwing of the switches in the yard. Now, everything is ready for the car to proceed on its way. Hoppy looks at his watch and releases the air brakes. It's 2:40 and time to go.

Sometimes when Joe is there, he will let me pull a street car out of the shops and put it into the storage barn. The time is five o'clock. Joe and I go over to

the barn and get all the extras on track one. Several motormen board the cars and pull out for different runs. The motors and gears hum as they begin to move. The last car is just leaving, so there won't be much to do for awhile. It is time for me to leave also. These shops are my favorite spot.

THEY GO TO YOUR HEAD

MARY JOHNSON

The nearest to perfect happiness a woman ever gets is when she is shopping. Not the ordinary "every-day" kind of shopping for celery, onions, potato chips, salt or white thread (No. 60), but the intriguing, glamorous type of shopping for wearing apparel. This applies to all kinds of clothes; dresses, coats, suits, sweaters, shirts, shoes, purses, and gloves. Hats, however, are another story. They belong in a class by themselves. A woman's true character is often displayed when shopping for a new chapeau.

The school girl goes about her task in a happy carefree mood. She travels from store to store in an endeavor to find exactly what she wants. She tries on every bit of straw and every casual felt in the establishment. She tries several classic types — the kind that are made of the best felt and generally bear a well-known milliner's label, and invariably look like an English Girl Guide's version of what the best dressed woman is wearing. Next she tries a few of those extreme types that more closely resemble a page from Vogue than anything else. She even considers a few of those delightfully feminine bits of flowers

on a piece of straw, or a tall crocheted number laden with cherries. However, the young miss's good sense usually returns to her before she makes her purchases and she treks home with nothing more disastrous than a felt bonnet surrounded by yards of veiling.

The debutante, although she is older and supposedly wiser, is apt to have more extreme taste in her choice of hats. They must be chic and the latest thing, and must never suggest naivety. This kind of girl is well acquainted with at least one sales person in each department of every store in the immediate town. She doesn't waste time in going from shop to shop in search for "the" hat — the shops come to her. Her name and telephone number are known by the clerks (or maybe just one particular clerk) and when a new model arrives in which they think she might be interested, she is informed of this event and can then visit the store to view it at her leisure. If this new bonnet has the right degree of sophistication, it is more than likely that the clerk will make a sale.

Probably no one has ever followed a house wife on her search for a hat. If they

did, it might prove most enlightening. Her method of shopping usually varies with her age. If she is a young wife, she probably doesn't really need the hat because she has dozens of others which are quite good, but which have lost their allure. The frivolous kind and the pancake type, and maybe even a pill-box or two are the ones she cannot resist. Her final choice is almost always a model very similar to all the others she has at home in her closet. The only possible difference is that the new one is generally of another color.

However, the middle-aged wife uses a more simplified system than does her younger "sister under the skin." There are only four colors that this type of woman considers. They are brown, black, white and navy blue. And there are only five times when she even buys a hat. First, when she buys a new coat and she purchases a new hat that "matches." Second, if the hat wears out before the coat, she naturally must secure another bonnet. Third, when she is invited to attend a wedding, she needs to look her best, and to look her best, she needs a new hat. Fourth, a funeral requires a new chapeau for the same reasons (as stated above.) Fifth, but

not least, on Easter she wears a new bonnet because it's the proverbial thing to do.

When grandma buys a hat, it is indeed an event. The entire family is usually present with suggestions. These suggestions generally deal with the color, and not the style of the contemplated new bonnet, because all hats for old ladies are invariably of the same design. Perhaps if grandma has blue eyes, mother will suggest a blue hat to brighten their color. Father's preference is black — he always was conservative. Junior (if you can get him to show any interest whatsoever) prefers lavender. He would like his grandmother to resemble the pictures of little old ladies as shown in magazines. Susie wants red. Not a flaming red, but a soft mulberry or wine shade. Grandma herself agrees with Susie for they are truly "birds of a feather." "After all," she says, "I am not old."

So you see, no matter what her age, profession, or station in life, every woman reverts to type when she is shopping for a new hat. The male of the species may regard her as frivolous and silly because of the time she wastes in idle occupation, but whereas a man may have more sense — a woman has more fun.

KALEIDOSCOPE

SHIRLEY LOY

It is early Sunday morning; the scene, our living room, natural depository for all moveable personal equipment belonging to members of the family. It being yet early in the day, the room is comparatively clean, for the boys have not yet arisen. In one chair languidly reposes a pair of brown corduroy trousers, slightly worn at the knees. Around three sides of the chair, and on the floor, are assorted underwear. Draped casually from the davenport to the table is a plaid shirt, and piled neatly on one arm

of the davenport are assorted shoes, hats, submachine guns, and rolls of paper caps. An army truck hides slyly beneath the radio. Ah, yes, the room is clean.

The sun shines in the west windows making weird patterns on the opposite wall through streaks made upon the glass by grubby fingers. It is Sunday afternoon, and confusion reigns. On the table beneath the west windows are scattered a collection of boyhood treasures of every description. The rugs are trying to imitate the Rockies

with their peaks and gullies, and paper is on the floor in drifts about the edges of the table. Various articles of clothing are scattered over the furniture. Father is sitting by the radio with an ear glued to the loud-speaker and a warning scowl across his face while the two brothers roll about the floor in the midst of it all, screaming and tearing at each other's eyes, both boys dressed as aviators with folded sheets strapped to their backs as parachutes.

The moon has risen, all is quiet, and I slip into the living room to view its secret

midnight attire. A chair has made its way in from the kitchen and sits above a register with a pair of pajamas suspended from its back. A pair of wet, muddy shoes wait beside it, while several other pairs are strewn about the floor. One old army legging lies in the doorway, reminiscing. Over the backs of the other chairs are more clothes; shirts, trousers, and reversibles. The rest of the room is clean from its early evening "redding-up." This is our living room in its bedroom dress.

How To Become A Maestro In Two Easy Lessons

ELMER EISENBARTH

Civilization has given the human race many disgusting things, but none of them can even come close to the abhorrent practice of haircutting. Haircuts, as they appear today, constitute one of the greatest setbacks to the advance of man. They make man appear, to an outsider, inferior to the dumb animals. Whoever heard of an animal voluntarily getting a haircut? The injury that is done by haircuts to the bank-roll, time, and comfort of man, is incomprehensible.

The average period between haircuts is two weeks, although my average is six or eight weeks, depending on the number of threats given by my parents and friends. This means that every two weeks a man must take an hour off from his work and waste it in getting a haircut. Now, say that thirty million men waste an hour thus every two weeks, the other fifteen percent being anti-haircutters such as I am. There you have thirty million hours wasted every two weeks, not including the eighteen million hours wasted by the anti-haircutters every five or six weeks. Just imagine how many war products our factories could put

out in that many hours. Therefore, haircutting is unpatriotic because it hinders our war effort by giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

For days after getting a haircut, I feel queer. I feel lost and lonely. I am afraid to face things. I avoid public places as if I were a criminal. Everything seems to go wrong. Then, a week or two later, my whole life changes. I have a feeling as if I could lick the world. I am "living" once more.

Being a fair-minded individual, I have tried to see both sides of the question. I realize that a person can learn much of the current news, politics, and sports in a barber shop. I know that the barber shop is an institution of learning. I also realize the advantage of short hair on a hot day or while in swimming. Nevertheless, I would gladly give up these things if I could let my hair grow as long as I care to.

I would like to give some advice to anyone who detests haircuts as I do. Brother, buy yourself a violin and let your hair grow as long as you please.

AT THE CONCERT

ROBERT BREEDLOVE

When Sevitzyky approached the podium, there was loud applause from every part of the house, and some of the ladies rose to see him better. My companion, a young musician, seemed to devour him with his eyes. Sevitzyky had a dark, sensitive face, though it was smooth shaven and tired looking; his temples were high, and his hair was thin on the crown of his head, though the rest of his hair was dark and wavy. His dark eyes gleamed and seemed to reflect the footlights. He had a straight nose and an expressive mouth, which was rarely still, but twitched with many imperceptible movements. He was tall, and held himself tensely, like a runner on his mark, waiting for the sound of the gun. He conducted smoothly and lithely, with his whole body swaying, like his music, with gestures, now caressing, now sharp and jerky. It was

easy to see that he was very nervous and his nervousness was reflected in the music. The quivering and jerky life of it broke up the usual apathy of the orchestra, calling forth greater depths of volume and tone than they had ever produced before. At the end of the performance there was a storm of applause and cries. The whole audience was enthusiastic, fascinated by the success, rather than by the compositions. Sevitzyky's face was wreathed in smiles as he bowed and turned to the concertmaster, motioning for him to stand and receive a share of the acclaim. As the applause continued Sevitzyky turned to the orchestra, and with a wave of his hand, they stood as one, to receive the recognition they so well deserved. Thus was born greater appreciation of music in the cultural life of our city.

THE OHIO

JOAN HAYDEN

Flowing peacefully between green banks and fertile cornfields, the Ohio winds slowly on its way to the Mississippi. A hot midday sun beats down on the brilliant blue of the water, casting a glare into the eyes of a drowsy fisherman on the bank Fish bite easily on a lazy summer day Trees along the bank make shadows on the water, as the sun sinks toward the west. When twilight comes, the busy hum of the mosquitoes and monotonous croak of the frogs tune up for the evening's concert. Couples stroll along the bank, waiting for the moon. Romance is part of the river tonight, as the silvery, rippling moon path over the water beckons to lovers. The twinkling lights of the ferry boat and the noisy voices of nightbathers are dim in

the distance. This summer Ohio is happy, lazy, peaceful.

Crawling between frozen banks, the Ohio struggles on toward the Mississippi. Icy winds chill the few pedestrians on the river road. Trees on the bank are gray and gaunt against cloudy skies, casting no shadows now. At dusk the ice-clogged water seems scarcely to move except for a small ice-free path in the center. There the fast-moving current fights on toward the Mississippi warmth. A million diamonds glitter, as the moon shines on the desolate beauty of ice and snow-covered banks. This winter Ohio is cold, lonely, sad.

An angry, rushing torrent pushes the banks aside sweeping everything before it in a mad race for the Mississippi. The

ugly, muddy water swirl with logs, drift, pieces of houses, and dead animals. People watch the river with fear waiting for it to devour them. The hungry current tears trees from their roots and drives the ferry boat to a safe anchorage in shallow water.

Even at dusk the rescue boats are still toiling to save the homeless. The moon casts light, as the rescuers work feverishly on through the night. The river is fierce, ugly, and frightening during the days and nights of early spring.

JUST FOR FUN

TOM STUMP

The first book that I remember having read for myself was A. A. Milne's *Winnie the Pooh*. I read and re-read this book many times, as well as its twin, *House at Pooh Corner*. Whenever I grew tired of reading one of these books, I would skim through the pages and look at the winsome little pictures of Pooh, or Ear, the donkey, or Kanga, the kangaroo. Although as I grew up I soon considered myself above such juvenile literature, I was amazed not very long to find that I still enjoyed reading about the exploits of Pooh, the amiable and human-like bear.

It was not until I was in the fourth grade that I began to read much for myself. My tastes in books from this time until I reached the seventh grade ran almost exclusively to Indian stories and stories about the Civil War. Altsheler, Gregor, and Schultz were my favorite authors and indeed, I read almost nothing except the works of these three men during this period. When I was about ten or eleven, I began to look forward to joining the Boy Scouts. My interest in woodcraft increased tremendously, and it was during this time Ernest Thompson Seton became my favorite (and exclusive) author. I believe that I read at least once every volume he had written, while his *Two Little Savages* I read until I had almost worn the cover off the book.

Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott, so enthralled me as a high school freshman that

I was stimulated to read more of Scott's books. Since his vivid descriptions were so colorful and as much a part of the book as the plot itself, I found myself quite effortlessly reading all the descriptive material instead of skipping it as I previously had done. With this sudden realization of the pleasure that could be gleaned from descriptive material, I began to read some of Robert Louis Stevenson's travel stories and many of Mark Twain's stories of his experiences in Europe.

About this time I also became a strong admirer of Dumas, with his short, terse conversations and swift, decisive action — a style in direct contrast to the long and carefully descriptive style of Scott's *The Three Musketeers*, naturally, stands out in my mind as one of the most thoroughly entertaining and gripping books that I have ever read.

Today, Mark Twain is still one of my favorite authors. Sir Walter Scott I continue to read, occasionally, while I enjoy most short stories that are along a lighter vein. In spite of the fact that I often claim to prefer light selections such as Wodehouse's works, the only long books that I have ever read more than once are Alexander Dumas' *Three Musketeers* and his *Count of Monte Cristo*. I enjoy only those detective stories in which I cannot figure out who committed the crime, for it exasperates me no end to have my guess as to the villain concur with that of the

fictional detective. The type of mystery story that particularly fascinates me is the type that has to do with dope peddlers.

I pass the rainy days most rapidly, therefore, in reading a novel by Scott, a

travel sketch by either Stevenson or Mark Twain, a story dealing with a sinister and unfathomable ring of dope peddlers, or—yes, in reading *Winnie the Pooh*.

THINGS I AM CURIOUS TO LEARN

MARYLOUISE MILES

Like every other child I started out with a burning curiosity. At five that unextinguishable fire was a horrible thing. Horrible, that is, to those coming within hearing distance. "Why" was the only word in my vocabulary, and every moment made me more masterful in its use. Why do ants build their houses like that? Why is grass green instead of some other color? Why are you dusting, Mama? Why do I have to wear my coat today? Why? Why? **Why?** Of course those sentences, are exasperating; so was I.

By the time I was ten I had learned to find the answers for myself. I didn't quite understand how Daddy could make carrots, cabbages, and radishes grow out of the ground right where he wanted them. The major step in learning this was to have a small corner of the garden all to myself. Before the summer was over, I discovered that hard work had much to do with it. The next thing I decided was that rabbits couldn't possibly multiply as fast as the best books made out. That Easter I received two cute little black and white bunnies. Well, when number six bit me, we decided to get rid of them. My next smattering of education came when I decided to improve my vocabulary. Reading seemed the most logical and interesting method, so I promptly read everything in sight. It worked. For a while I led the class in verbalism, but eventually I wandered to greater fields. One of these fields happened to be art. My family before me had already broken the ground, but it had

never occurred to me to try it. It seemed silly to start out with water color or something simple, so I jumped right into pastel work. It was many a year before I managed to turn out anything recognizable. I am not an athletic person, but I didn't intend to let sports escape my observation. Baseball and basketball both got their share of attention. However, the main difficulty arose in trying to see the balls without my glasses. I couldn't do it, so I put the glasses on. Net result: shattered specs.

By this time it was obvious that my interest lay not in one thing but many. Through high school I resolved to be consistent and take a wide variety of subjects. Unnecessarily to say, English started out the list. Not to be stopped by the warnings of upperclassmen I added a touch of Latin to the English. Later on, Spanish was also included. Although I detest Math, and only one year is required, I thought I might as well take geometry too. History had always intrigued me, so I took it and mingled social studies in for spice. According to family instructions, art couldn't be left out, and I had a fling at that. Music, you'll notice has been left out, but only because a guitar teacher I once had said that if I had no time to practice it was useless. Finally, I topped everything with a technical course in health.

Now, I've once more begun to take an interest in subjects outside of school. I have, at last, found one topic which I will probably have to follow through to the end. Is Darwin's theory right or wrong?

Excerpts

I

. . . Silence stirs the soul! What is more uplifting than the tranquility of a beautiful summer night? One may walk for miles down a country road with a starry dome overhead and be thrilled by the quietness of it all. Not a sound of the rushing, busy city is audible. One is in a world apart. This is the hour for thought. . . . This is the hour which changed the world. On such a night so long ago, shepherds watched, and the Christ was born! — on a silent night.

Silence is an artist sitting at eventide beneath the great, leafy arms of an elm by the side of a peaceful brook. Nothing disturbs him as he sketches the rocks, the meadows, and the ripe, golden grain. Then, as the painter lifts his eyes to the far horizon, he catches a vision of things to come. This silent beauty he embodies in his masterpiece . . . From "*Silence*" by Robert E. Barnes.

II

. . . Suddenly, in the east, a light gray replaces the deep black of the sky. As suddenly as it came, it departs, and once more all is darkness. The false dawn is a warning that soon all will be bright and sunny in a new day.

Again in the east, the black turns gray and the gray turns to orange. Everything casts a shadow, long and slender. Slowly these shadows become shorter as a great golden ball becomes visible in the east. A thick, heavy mist arises, and the air feels damp and refreshing against the cheek. As the fire dies a dwindling death, its comfortable heat is slowly replaced by that of the golden ball; and the dense vapor, which has clung to the ground so tenaciously, finally gives up and rises skyward . . . From "*Sunrise*" by Carver McGriff.

III

. . . I reckon he couldn't a-been nothin' else but a preacher. He was always a-takin' some part in the church work. Even after he growed up and was a-workin' at the factory, he was forever goin' around makin' speeches at the young folks' meetin's . . . Then there was his Ma, one of the God-fearin'est women I ever knowed. His Pa was a mighty fine man too, but he died when the kid wasn't much bigger'n ole Bounce; so he didn't have much say-so in the kid's bringin' up. His Ma though, was teacher and example to the whole bunch, as they growed up. He seen what religion means when it's put to work. Why, he was pert-near raised in church. . . From "*He Had To Preach*" by W. S. McLean.

IV

. . . The average American probably does not realize exactly what his definite ideals are; he does not know because they are no longer ideals. They have been bred into every true American until they are his characteristics. It is doubtful whether any intelligent person would pretend to be able to enumerate and describe these characteristics in detail, for, except for a few, they are gloriously intangible. Every American knows they are in him, but does not know why, or what they are . . . from "*The Modern American Character*" by Jack Walker.

V

. . . I sincerely believe that no mortal has the intelligence, scope, or comprehensive ability to analyze the American character if, indeed, a nation has a static, observable character that can be scrutinized with any degree of accuracy. . . From "*Johnny Doughboy*" by Arthur Graham.